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THE

TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS

BY

CHARLES SUMNER

An Oration

BEFORE THE AUTHORITIES OF THE CITY OF BOSTON
JULY 4, 1845

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THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS.

An Oration before the Authorities of the City of Boston, July 4, 1845.

O, yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
(For what can war but endless war still breed?)
Till truth and right from violence be freed.

Milton, *Sonnet to Fairfax.*

Pax optima rerum
Quas homini novisse datum est; pax una triumphis
Innumeris potior; pax custodire salutem
Et cives æquare potens.

SILIUS ITALICUS, *Punica*, Lib. XI. vv. 592 - 595.

Sed majoris est gloriæ *ipsa bella verbo occidere* quam homines ferro, et acquirere vel obtinere pacem pace, non bello. — AUGUSTINI *Epistola* CCLXII., *ad Darium Comitem.*

Certainly, if all who look upon themselves as men, not so much from the shape of their bodies as because they are endowed with reason, would listen awhile unto Christ's wholesome and peaceable decrees, and not, puffed up with arrogance and conceit, rather believe their own opinions than his admonitions, the whole world long ago (turning the use of iron into milder works) should have lived in most quiet tranquillity, and have met together in a firm and indissoluble league of most safe concord. — ARNOBIUS AFER, *Adversus Gentes*, Lib. I. c. 6.

And so for the first time [three hundred years after the Christian era] the meek and peaceful Jesus became a God of Battle, and the cross, the holy sign of Christian redemption, a banner of bloody strife. This irreconcilable incongruity between the symbol of universal peace and the horrors of war, in my judgment, is conclusive against the miraculous or supernatural character of the transaction [the vision of Constantine]. — I was agreeably surprised to find that Mosheim concurred in these sentiments, for which I will readily encounter the charge of Quakerism. — MILMAN, *History of Christianity*, Book III. chap. 1.

When you see fighting, be peaceable; for a peaceable disposition shuts the door of contention. Oppose kindness to perverseness; the sharp sword will not cut soft silk. By using sweet words and gentleness you may lead an elephant with a hair. — SAADI, *The Gulistan*, translated by Francis Gladwin, Chap. III. Tale 28.

Si l'on vous disait que tous les chats d'un grand pays se sont assemblés par milliers dans une plaine, et qu'après avoir miaulé tout leur saoul, ils se sont jetés avec fureur les uns sur les autres, et ont joué ensemble de la dent et de la griffe, que de cette mêlée il est demeuré de part et d'autre neuf à dix mille chats sur la place, qui ont infecté l'air à dix lieues de là par leur puanteur, ne diriez-vous pas, " Voilà le plus abominable sabbat dont on ait jamais ouï parler "? Et si les loups en faisaient de même, quels hurlements ! quelle boucherie ! Et si les uns ou les autres vous disaient *qu'ils aiment la gloire*, ... ne ririez-vous pas de tout votre cœur de l'ingénuité de ces pauvres bêtes ? — LA BRUYÈRE, *Les Caractères : Des Jugements.*

He was disposed to dissent from the maxim, which had of late years received very general assent, that the best security for the continuance of peace was to be prepared for war. That was a maxim which might have been applied to the nations of antiquity, and to society in a comparatively barbarous and uncivilized state. . . . . Men, when they adopted such a maxim, and made large preparations in time of peace that would be sufficient in time of war, were apt to be influenced by the desire to put their efficiency to the test, that all their great preparations and the result of their toil and expense might not be thrown away. — EARL OF ABERDEEN, *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, July 20, 1849.

Bellum para, si pacem velis, was a maxim regarded by many as containing an incontestable truth. It was one, in his opinion, to be received with great caution, and admitting of much qualification. . . . . We should best consult the true interests of the country by husbanding our resources in a time of peace, and, instead of a lavish expenditure on all the means of defence, by placing some trust in the latent and dormant energies of the nation. — SIR ROBERT PEEL, *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, March 12, 1850.

Let us terminate this disastrous system of rival expenditure, and mutually agree, with no hypocrisy, but in a manner and under circumstances which can admit of no doubt, — by a reduction of armaments, — that peace is really our policy. — MR. D'ISRAELI, *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, July 21, 1859.

All high titles of honor come hitherto from fighting. Your *Herzog* (Duke, *Dux*) is Leader of Armies; your Earl (*Jarl*) is Strong Man; your Marshal, Cavalry Horseshoer. A Millennium, or Reign of Peace and Wisdom, having from of old been prophesied, and becoming, now daily more and more indubitable, may it not be apprehended that such fighting titles will cease to be palatable, and new and higher need to be devised? — CARLYLE, *Sartor Resartus*, Book III. chap. 7.

After the memorable conflict of June, 1848, in which, as *Chef de Bataillon*, he [Ary Scheffer] had shown a capacity for military conduct not less remarked than his cool courage, General Changarnier, then commanding the National Guard of Paris, tendered to Scheffer's acceptance the cross of *Commandeur*. He replied, "Had this honorable distinction been offered to me in my quality of Artist, and as a recognition of the merit of my works, I should receive it with deference and satisfaction. But to carry about me a decoration reminding me only of the horrors of civil war is what I cannot consent to do." — ARY SCHEFFER, *Life by Mrs. Grote*, Appendix.

Additional examples and illustrations have been introduced into this Oration since its publication, but the argument and substance remain the same. It was at the time the occasion of considerable controversy, and many were disturbed by what Mr. Sumner called his *Declaration of War against War*. This showed itself at the dinner in Faneuil Hall immediately after the delivery. There was friendly dissent also, as appears from the letters of Judge Story and Mr. Prescott, which will be found in the biographies of those eminent persons. A letter from John A. Andrew, afterwards the distinguished Governor of Massachusetts, shows the completeness of his sympathy. "You will allow me to say, I hope," he writes, "that I have read the Oration with a satisfaction only equalled by that with which I heard you on the 4th July. And while I thank you a thousand times for the choice you made of a topic, as well as for the fidelity and brilliant ability which you brought to its illustration, (both, to my mind, defying the most carping criticism,) I cannot help expressing also my gratitude to Providence, that here, in our city of Boston, one has at last stepped forward to consecrate to celestial hopes the day — the great day — which Americans have at best heretofore held sacred only to memory."

The Oration was noticed extensively at home and abroad. Two or more editions were printed by the City Government, one by the booksellers, Messrs. W. D. Ticknor & Co., and several by the American Peace Society, which has recently issued another, making a small volume. Another edition appeared in London. Portions have been printed and circulated as tracts. There was also an abridgment in Philadelphia, edited by Professor Charles D. Cleveland, and another in Liverpool, by Mr. Richard Rathbone.

ORATION.

IN accordance with uninterrupted usage, on this Sabbath of the Nation, we have put aside our daily cares, and seized a respite from the never-ending toils of life, to meet in gladness and congratulation, mindful of the blessings transmitted from the Past, mindful also, I trust, of our duties to the Present and the Future.

All hearts turn first to the Fathers of the Republic. Their venerable forms rise before us, in the procession of successive generations. They come from the frozen rock of Plymouth, from the wasted bands of Raleigh, from the heavenly companionship of Penn, from the anxious councils of the Revolution, — from all those fields of sacrifice, where, in obedience to the spirit of their age, they sealed their devotion to duty with their blood. They say to us, their children, "Cease to vaunt what you do, and what has been done for you. Learn to walk meekly and to think humbly. Cultivate habits of self-sacrifice. Never aim at what is not RIGHT, persuaded that without this every possession and all knowledge will become an evil and a shame. And may these words of ours be ever in your minds! Strive to increase the inheritance we have bequeathed to you, — bearing in mind always, that, if we excel you in virtue, such a vic-

tory will be to us a mortification, while defeat will bring happiness. In this way you may conquer us. Nothing is more shameful for a man than a claim to esteem, not on his own merits, but on the fame of his ancestors. The glory of the fathers is doubtless to their children a most precious treasure; but to enjoy it without transmission to the next generation, and without addition, is the extreme of ignominy. Following these counsels, when your days on earth are finished, you will come to join us, and we shall receive you as friend receives friend; but if you neglect our words, expect no happy greeting from us." [1]

Honor to the memory of our fathers! May the turf lie lightly on their sacred graves! Not in words only, but in deeds also, let us testify our reverence for their name, imitating what in them was lofty, pure, and good, learning from them to bear hardship and privation. May we, who now reap in strength what they sowed in weakness, augment the inheritance we have received! To this end, we must not fold our hands in slumber, nor abide content with the past. To each generation is appointed its peculiar task; nor does the heart which responds to the call of duty find rest except in the grave.

Be ours the task now in the order of Providence cast upon us. And what is this duty? What can we do to make our coming welcome to our fathers in the skies, and draw to our memory hereafter the homage of a grateful posterity? How add to the inheritance received? The answer must interest all, particularly on

[1] This is borrowed almost literally from the words attributed by Plato to the Fathers of Athens, in the beautiful funeral discourse of the Menexenus.

this festival, when we celebrate the Nativity of the Republic. It well becomes the patriot citizen, on this anniversary, to consider the national character, and how it may be advanced, — as the good man dedicates his birthday to meditation on his life, and to resolutions of improvement. Avoiding, then, all exultation in the abounding prosperity of the land, and in that freedom whose influence is widening to the uttermost circles of the earth, I would turn attention to the character of our country, and humbly endeavor to learn what must be done that the Republic may best secure the welfare of the people committed to its care, — that it may perform its part in the world's history, — that it may fulfil the aspirations of generous hearts, — and, practising that righteousness which exalteth a nation, attain to the elevation of True Grandeur.

With this aim, and believing that I can in no other way so fitly fulfil the trust reposed in me to-day, I purpose to consider *what, in our age, are the true objects of national ambition, — what is truly National Honor, National Glory,* — WHAT IS THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS. I would not depart from the modesty that becomes me, yet I am not without hope that I may do something to rescue these terms, now so powerful over the minds of men, from mistaken objects, especially from deeds of war, and the extension of empire, that they may be applied to works of justice and beneficence, which are better than war or empire.

The subject may be novel, on an occasion like the present; but it is comprehensive, and of transcendent importance. It raises us to the contemplation of things not temporary or local, but belonging to all ages and

countries, — things lofty as Truth, universal as Humanity. Nay, more; it practically concerns the general welfare, not only of our own cherished Republic, but of the whole Federation of Nations. It has an urgent interest from transactions in which we are now unhappily involved. By an act of unjust legislation, extending our power over Texas, peace with Mexico is endangered, — while, by petulant assertion of a disputed claim to a remote territory beyond the Rocky Mountains, ancient fires of hostile strife are kindled anew on the hearth of our mother country. Mexico and England both avow the determination to vindicate what is called the *National Honor;* and our Government calmly contemplates the dread Arbitrament of War, provided it cannot obtain what is called an honorable peace.

Far from our nation and our age be the sin and shame of contests hateful in the sight of God and all good men, having their origin in no righteous sentiment, no true love of country, no generous thirst for fame, "that last infirmity of noble mind," but springing manifestly from an ignorant and ignoble passion for new territory, strengthened, in our case, in a republic whose star is Liberty, by unnatural desire to add new links in chains destined yet to fall from the limbs of the unhappy slave! In such contests God has no attribute which can join with us. Who believes that the national honor would be promoted by a war with Mexico or a war with England? What just man would sacrifice a single human life to bring under our rule both Texas and Oregon? An ancient Roman, ignorant of Christian truth, touched only by the relation of fellow-countryman, and not of fellow-man, said, as he turned

aside from a career of Asiatic conquest, that he would rather save the life of a single citizen than win to his power all the dominions of Mithridates.[1]

A war with Mexico would be mean and cowardly; with England it would be bold at least, though parricidal. The heart sickens at the murderous attack upon an enemy distracted by civil feud, weak at home, impotent abroad; but it recoils in horror from the deadly shock between children of a common ancestry, speaking the same language, soothed in infancy by the same words of love and tenderness, and hardened into vigorous manhood under the bracing influence of institutions instinct with the same vital breath of freedom. The Roman historian has aptly pictured this unnatural combat. Rarely do words of the past so justly describe the present. *Curam acuebat, quod adversus Latinos bellandum erat, lingua, moribus, armorum genere, institutis ante omnia militaribus congruentes: milites militibus, centurionibus centuriones, tribuni tribunis compares collegæque, iisdem præsidiis, sæpè iisdem manipulis permixti fuerant.*[2]

Can there be in our age any peace that is not honorable, any war that is not dishonorable? The true honor of a nation is conspicuous only in deeds of justice and beneficence, securing and advancing human happiness. In the clear eye of that Christian judgment which must yet prevail, vain are the victories of War, infamous its spoils. He is the benefactor, and worthy of honor, who carries comfort to wretchedness, dries the tear of sorrow, relieves the unfortunate, feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, does justice, enlightens the ignorant, unfastens the fetters of

[1] Plutarch, *Lucullus*, Cap. VIII. [2] Livy, Hist., Lib. VIII. c. 6.

the slave, and finally, by virtuous genius, in art, literature, science, enlivens and exalts the hours of life, or, by generous example, inspires a love for God and man. This is the Christian hero; this is the man of honor in a Christian land. He is no benefactor, nor worthy of honor, whatever his worldly renown, whose life is absorbed in feats of brute force, who renounces the great law of Christian brotherhood, whose vocation is blood. Well may the modern poet exclaim, "The world knows nothing of its greatest men!" — for thus far it has chiefly honored the violent brood of Battle, armed men springing up from the dragon's teeth sown by Hate, and cared little for the truly good men, children of Love, guiltless of their country's blood, whose steps on earth are noiseless as an angel's wing.

It will not be disguised that this standard differs from that of the world even in our day. The voice of man is yet given to martial praise, and the honors of victory are chanted even by the lips of woman. The mother, rocking the infant on her knee, stamps the images of War upon his tender mind, at that age more impressible than wax; she nurses his slumber with its music, pleases his waking hours with its stories, and selects for his playthings the plume and the sword. From the child is formed the man; and who can weigh the influence of a mother's spirit on the opinions of his life? The mind which trains the child is like a hand at the end of a long lever; a gentle effort suffices to heave the enormous weight of succeeding years. As the boy advances to youth, he is fed like Achilles, not on honey and milk only, but on bears' marrow and lions' hearts. He draws the nutriment of his soul from a literature whose beautiful fields are moistened by human

blood. Fain would I offer my tribute to the Father of Poetry, standing with harp of immortal melody on the misty mountain-top of distant Antiquity, — to those stories of courage and sacrifice which emblazon the annals of Greece and Rome, — to the fulminations of Demosthenes and the splendors of Tully, — to the sweet verse of Virgil and the poetic prose of Livy; fain would I offer my tribute to the new literature, which shot up in modern times as a vigorous forest from the burnt site of ancient woods, — to the passionate song of the Troubadour in France and the Minnesinger in Germany, — to the thrilling ballad of Spain and the delicate music of the Italian lyre: but from all these has breathed the breath of War, that has swept the heart-strings of men in all the thronging generations.

And when the youth becomes a man, his country invites his service in war, and holds before his bewildered imagination the prizes of worldly honor. For him the pen of the historian and the verse of the poet. His soul is taught to swell at the thought that he, too, is a soldier, — that his name shall be entered on the list of those who have borne arms for their country; and perhaps he dreams that he, too, may sleep, like the Great Captain of Spain, with a hundred trophies over his grave. The law of the land throws its sanction over this frenzy. The contagion spreads beyond those subject to positive obligation. Peaceful citizens volunteer to appear as soldiers, and affect, in dress, arms, and deportment, what is called the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." The ear-piercing fife has today filled our streets, and we have come to this church, on this National Sabbath, by the thump of drum and with the parade of bristling bayonets.

It is not strange, then, that the Spirit of War still finds a home among us, nor that its honors continue to be regarded. All this may seem to illustrate the bitter philosophy of Hobbes, declaring that the natural state of mankind is War, and to sustain the exulting language of the soldier in our own day, when he wrote, "War is the condition of this world. From man to the smallest insect, all are at strife; and the glory of arms, which cannot be obtained without the exercise of honor, fortitude, courage, obedience, modesty, and temperance, excites the brave man's patriotism, and is a chastening corrective for the rich man's pride."[1] This is broad and bold. In madder mood, another British general is reported as saying, "Why, man, do you know that a grenadier is the *greatest character* in this world," — and after a moment's pause, with the added emphasis of an oath, "and, I believe, in the next, too."[2] All these spoke in harmony. If one is true, all are true. A French voice has struck another note, chanting nothing less than the divinity of war, hailing it as "divine" in itself, — "divine" in its consequences, — "divine" in mysterious glory and seductive attraction, — "divine" in the manner of its declaration, — "divine" in the results obtained, — "divine" in the undefinable force by which its triumph is determined;[3] and the whole earth, continually imbibing blood, is nothing but an immense altar, where life is immolated without end, without measure, without respite. But this oracle is not saved from rejection even by the magistral style in which it is delivered.

[1] Napier, Peninsular War, Book XXIV. ch. 6, Vol. VI. p. 688.

[2] Southey, Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society, Coll. VIII., Vol. I. p. 211.

[3] Joseph de Maistre, Soirées de Saint-Pétersbourg, Tom. II. pp. 27, 32 – 35.

Alas! in the existing attitude of nations, the infidel philosopher and the rhetorical soldier, to say nothing of the giddy general and the French priest of Mars, find too much support for a theory which degrades human nature and insults the goodness of God. It is true that in us are impulses unhappily tending to strife. Propensities possessed in common with the beast, if not subordinated to what in man is human, almost divine, will break forth in outrage. This is the predominance of the animal. Hence wars and fightings, with the false glory which crowns such barbarism. But the true civilization of nations, as of individuals, is determined by the extent to which these evil dispositions are restrained. Nor does the teacher ever more truly perform his high office than when, recognizing the supremacy of the moral and intellectual, he calls upon nations, as upon individuals, to declare independence of the bestial, to abandon practices founded on this part of our nature, and in every way to beat down that brutal spirit which is the Genius of War. In making this appeal, he will be startled as he learns, that, while the municipal law of each Christian nation, discarding the Arbitrament of Force, provides a judicial tribunal for the determination of controversies between individuals, International Law expressly *establishes* the Arbitrament of War for the determination of controversies between nations.

Here, then, in unfolding the True Grandeur of Nations, we encounter a practice, or *custom*, sanctioned by the Law of Nations, and constituting a part of that law, which exists in defiance of principles such as no individuals can disown. If it is wrong and inglorious when individuals *consent and agree* to determine their petty

controversies by combat, it must be equally wrong and inglorious when nations *consent and agree* to determine their vaster controversies by combat. Here is a positive, precise, and specific evil, of gigantic proportions, inconsistent with what is truly honorable, making within the sphere of its influence all true grandeur impossible, which, instead of proceeding from some uncontrollable impulse of our nature, is *expressly established and organized by law.*

As all citizens are parties to Municipal Law, and responsible for its institutions, so are all the Christian nations parties to International Law, and responsible for its provisions. By recognizing these provisions, nations *consent and agree* beforehand to the Arbitrament of War, precisely as citizens, by recognizing Trial by Jury, *consent and agree* beforehand to the latter tribunal. As, to comprehend the true nature of Trial by Jury, we first repair to the Municipal Law by which it is established, so, to comprehend the true nature of the Arbitrament of War, we must first repair to the Law of Nations.

Writers of genius and learning have defined this arbitrament, and laid down the rules by which it is governed, constituting a complex code, with innumerable subtile provisions regulating the resort to it and the manner in which it must be conducted, called the *Laws of War.* In these quarters we catch our first authentic glimpses of its folly and wickedness. According to Lord Bacon, whose authority is always great, "Wars are no massacres and confusions, but they are the highest *Trials of Right,* when princes and states, that acknowledge no superior upon earth, shall put themselves upon the justice of God *for the deciding of their*

controversies by such success as it shall please him to give on either side."[1] This definition of the English philosopher is adopted by the American jurist, Chancellor Kent, in his Commentaries on American Law.[2] The Swiss publicist, Vattel, whose work is accepted as an important repository of the Law of Nations, defines War as "that state in which a nation *prosecutes its right by force*."[3] In this he very nearly follows the eminent Dutch authority, Bynkershoek, who says, "Bellum est eorum, qui suæ potestatis sunt, *juris sui persequendi ergo*, concertatio per vim vel dolum."[4] Mr. Whewell, who has done so much to illustrate philosophy in all its departments, says, in his recent work on the Elements of Morality and Polity, "Though war is appealed to, because there is no other ULTIMATE TRIBUNAL to which states can have recourse, *it is appealed to for justice*."[5] And in our country, Dr. Lieber says, in a work of learning and sagacious thought, that war is undertaken "in order to obtain right,"[6] — a definition which hardly differs in form from those of Vattel and Bynkershoek.

In accordance with these texts, I would now define the evil which I arraign. *War is a public armed contest between nations, under the sanction of International Law, to establish* JUSTICE *between them:* as, for instance, to determine a disputed boundary, the title to territory, or a claim for damages.

This definition is confined to contests between nations.

[1] Observations upon a Libel, etc., Works, Vol. III. p. 40.
[2] Lecture III., Vol. I. p. 45.
[3] Book III. ch. 1, sec. 1.
[4] Quæst. Jur. Pub., Lib. I. cap. 1.
[5] Book VI. ch. 2. art. 1146.
[6] Political Ethics, Book VII. sec. 19, Vol. II. p. 643.

It is restricted to International War, carefully excluding the question, often agitated, concerning the right of revolution, and that other question, on which friends of peace sometimes differ, the right of personal self-defence. It does not in any way throw doubt on the employment of force in the administration of justice or the conservation of domestic quiet.

It is true that the term *defensive* is always applied to wars in our day. And it is creditable to the moral sense that nations are constrained to allege this seeming excuse, although its absurdity is apparent in the equal pretensions of the two belligerents, each claiming to act on the defensive. It is unreasonable to suppose that war can arise in the present age, under the sanctions of International Law, except to determine an *asserted right.* Whatever its character in periods of barbarism, or when invoked to repel an incursion of robbers or pirates, "enemies of the human race," war becomes in our day, *among all the nations parties to existing International Law,* simply a mode of litigation, or of deciding a *lis pendens.* It is a mere TRIAL OF RIGHT, an appeal for justice to force. The wars now lowering from Mexico and England are of this character. On the one side, we assert a *title* to Texas, *which is disputed;* on the other, we assert a *title* to Oregon, *which is disputed.* Only according to "martial logic," or the "flash language" of a dishonest patriotism, can the Ordeal by Battle be regarded in these causes, on either side, as *Defensive War.* Nor did the threatened war with France in 1834 promise to assume any different character. Its professed object was to obtain the payment of five million dollars, — in other words, to determine by this *Ultimate*

Tribunal a simple question of justice. And going back still farther in our history, the avowed purpose of the war against Great Britain in 1812 was to obtain from the latter power an abandonment of the claim to search American vessels. Unrighteous as was this claim, it is plain that war here was invoked only as a *Trial of Right.*

It forms no part of my purpose to consider individual wars in the past, except so far as necessary by way of example. My aim is higher. I wish to expose an irrational, cruel, and impious *custom,* sanctioned by the Law of Nations. On this account I resort to that supreme law for the definition on which I plant myself in the effort I now make.

After considering, in succession, *first,* the character of war, *secondly,* the miseries it produces, and, *thirdly,* its utter and pitiful insufficiency, as a mode of determining justice, we shall be able to decide, strictly and logically, whether it must not be ranked as crime, from which no true honor can spring to individuals or nations. To appreciate this evil, and the necessity for its overthrow, it will be our duty, *fourthly,* to consider in succession the various prejudices by which it is sustained, ending with that prejudice, so gigantic and all-embracing, at whose command uncounted sums are madly diverted from purposes of peace to preparations for war. The whole subject is infinitely practical, while the concluding division shows how the public treasury may be relieved, and new means secured for human advancement.

I.

First, as to the essential character and root of war, or that part of our nature whence it proceeds. Listen to the voice from the ancient poet of Bœotian Ascra:—

> "This is the law for mortals, ordained by the Ruler of Heaven:
> Fishes and beasts and birds of the air devour each other;
> JUSTICE *dwells not among them: only to* MAN *has he given*
> JUSTICE *the Highest and Best.*"[1]

These words of old Hesiod exhibit the distinction between man and beast; but this very distinction belongs to the present discussion. The idea rises to the mind at once, that war is a resort to brute force, where nations strive to overpower each other. Reason, and the divine part of our nature, where alone we differ from the beast, where alone we approach the Divinity, where alone are the elements of that *justice* which is the professed object of war, are rudely dethroned. For the time men adopt the nature of beasts, emulating their ferocity, like them rejoicing in blood, and with lion's paw clutching an asserted right. Though in more recent days this character is somewhat disguised by the skill and knowledge employed, war is still the same, only more destructive from the genius and intellect which have become its servants. The primitive poets, in the unconscious simplicity of the world's childhood, make this boldly apparent. The heroes of Homer are likened to animals in ungovernable fury, or to things devoid of reason or affection. Menelaus presses his

[1] Hesiod, Works and Days, vv. 276–279. Cicero also says, "Neque ulla re longius absumus a natura ferarum, in quibus inesse fortitudinem sæpe dicimus, ut in equis, in leonibus; justitiam, æquitatem, bonitatem non dicimus."—De Offic., Lib. I. cap. 16.

way through the crowd "like a wild beast." Sarpedon is aroused against the Argives, "as a lion against the crooked-horned oxen," and afterwards rushes forward "like a lion nurtured on the mountains, for a long time famished for want of flesh, but whose courage impels him to attack even the well-guarded sheep-fold." In one and the same passage, the great Telamonian Ajax is "wild beast," "tawny lion," and "dull ass"; and all the Greek chiefs, the flower of the camp, are ranged about Diomed, "like raw-eating lions, or wild-boars, whose strength is irresistible." Even Hector, the model hero, with all the virtues of war, is praised as "tamer of horses"; and one of his renowned feats in battle, indicating brute strength only, is where he takes up and hurls a stone which two of our strongest men could not easily lift into a wagon; and he drives over dead bodies and shields, while the axle is defiled by gore, and the guard about the seat is sprinkled from the horses' hoofs and the tires of the wheels;[1] and in that most admired passage of ancient literature, before returning his child, the young Astyanax, to the arms of the wife he is about to leave, this hero of war invokes the gods for a single blessing on the boy's head, — "that he may excel his father, and bring home *bloody spoils*, his enemy being slain, and *so make glad the heart of his mother!*"

From early fields of modern literature, as from those of antiquity, might be gathered similar illustrations, showing the unconscious degradation of the soldier, in vain pursuit of *justice*, renouncing the human character,

[1] Little better than Trojan Hector was the "great" Condé ranging over the field and exulting in the blood of the enemy, which defiled his sword-arm to the elbow. — Mahon, Essai sur la Vie du Grand Condé, p. 60.

to assume that of brute. Bayard, the exemplar of chivalry, with a name always on the lips of its votaries, was described by the qualities of beasts, being, according to his admirers, *ram in attack, wild-boar in defence, and wolf in flight.* Henry the Fifth, as represented by our own Shakespeare, in the spirit-stirring appeal to his troops exclaims, —

> "When the blast of war blows in our ears,
> *Then imitate the action of the tiger.*"

This is plain and frank, revealing the true character of war.

I need not dwell on the moral debasement that must ensue. Passions, like so many bloodhounds, are unleashed and suffered to rage. Crimes filling our prisons stalk abroad in the soldier's garb, unwhipped of justice. Murder, robbery, rape, arson, are the sports of this fiendish Saturnalia, when

> "The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
> And the fleshed soldier, rough and hard of heart,
> In liberty of bloody hand shall range
> *With conscience wide as hell.*"

By a bold, but truthful touch, Shakespeare thus pictures the foul disfigurement which war produces in man, whose native capacities he describes in those beautiful words: "How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!" And yet this nobility of reason, this infinitude of faculties, this marvel of form and motion, this nature so angelic, so godlike, are all, under the transforming power of War, lost in the action of the beast, or the license of the fleshed soldier with bloody hand and conscience wide as hell.

II.

The immediate effect of war is to sever all relations of friendship and commerce between the belligerent nations, and every individual thereof, impressing upon each citizen or subject the character of enemy. Imagine this instant change between England and the United States. The innumerable ships of the two countries, the white doves of commerce, bearing the olive of peace, are driven from the sea, or turned from peaceful purposes to be ministers of destruction; the threads of social and business intercourse, so carefully woven into a thick web, are suddenly snapped asunder; friend can no longer communicate with friend; the twenty thousand letters speeded each fortnight from this port alone are arrested, and the human affections, of which they are the precious expression, seek in vain for utterance. Tell me, you with friends and kindred abroad, or you bound to other lands only by relations of commerce, are you ready for this rude separation?

This is little compared with what must follow. It is but the first portentous shadow of disastrous eclipse, twilight usher of thick darkness, covering the whole heavens with a pall, broken only by the lightnings of battle and siege.

Such horrors redden the historic page, while, to the scandal of humanity, they never want historians with feelings kindred to those by which they are inspired. The demon that draws the sword also guides the pen. The favorite chronicler of modern Europe, Froissart, discovers his sympathies in his Prologue, where, with

something of apostleship, he announces his purpose, "that the honorable enterprises and noble adventures and feats of arms which happened in the wars of France and England be notably registered and put in perpetual memory," and then proceeds to bestow his equal admiration upon bravery and cunning, upon the courtesy which pardoned as upon the rage which caused the flow of blood in torrents, dwelling with especial delight on "beautiful incursions, beautiful rescues, beautiful feats of arms, and beautiful prowesses"; and wantoning in pictures of cities assaulted, "which, being soon gained by force, were robbed, and men and women and children put to the sword without mercy, while the churches were burnt and violated."[1] This was in a barbarous age. But popular writers in our own day, dazzled by false ideas of greatness, at which reason and humanity blush, do not hesitate to dwell on similar scenes even with rapture and eulogy. The humane soul of Wilberforce, which sighed that England's "bloody laws sent many unprepared into another world," could hail the slaughter of Waterloo, by which thousands were hurried into eternity on the Sabbath he held so holy, as a "splendid victory."[2]

My present purpose is less to judge the historian than to expose the horrors on horrors which he applauds. At Tarragona, above six thousand human beings, almost all defenceless, men and women, gray hairs and infant innocence, attractive youth and wrinkled age, were butchered by the infuriate troops in one night, and the morning sun rose upon a city whose streets and houses

[1] Froissart, Les Chroniques, Ch. 177, 179, Collection de Buchon, Tom. II. pp. 87, 92.

[2] Life of William Wilberforce, by his Sons, Ch. 30, Vol. IV. pp. 256, 261.

were inundated with blood: and yet this is called a "glorious exploit." [1] Here was a conquest by the French. At a later day, Ciudad Rodrigo was stormed by the British, when, in the license of victory, there ensued a savage scene of plunder and violence, while shouts and screams on all sides mingled fearfully with the groans of the wounded. Churches were desecrated, cellars of wine and spirits were pillaged, fire was wantonly applied to the city, and brutal intoxication spread in every direction. Only when the drunken dropped from excess, or fell asleep, was any degree of order restored: and yet the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo is pronounced "one of the most brilliant exploits of the British army." [2] This "beautiful feat of arms" was followed by the storming of Badajoz, where the same scenes were enacted again, with accumulated atrocities. The story shall be told in the words of a partial historian, who himself saw what he eloquently describes. "Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty, and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz. On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their own excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled. The wounded men were then looked to, the dead disposed of." [3] All this is in the nature of confession, for the historian is a partisan of battle.

The same terrible war affords another instance of atrocities at a siege crying to Heaven. For weeks be-

[1] Alison, Hist. of Europe, Ch. 61, Vol. VIII. p. 237.
[2] Ibid., Ch. 64, Vol. VIII. p. 482.
[3] Napier, Hist. Peninsular War, Book XVI. ch. 5, Vol. IV. p. 431.

fore the surrender of Saragossa, the deaths daily were from four to five hundred; and as the living could not bury the increasing mass, thousands of carcasses, scattered in streets and court-yards, or piled in heaps at the doors of churches, were left to dissolve in their own corruption, or be licked up by the flames of burning houses. The city was shaken to its foundations by sixteen thousand shells, and the explosion of forty-five thousand pounds of powder in the mines, — while the bones of forty thousand victims, of every age and both sexes, bore dreadful testimony to the unutterable cruelty of War.[1]

These might seem pictures from the life of Alaric, who led the Goths to Rome, or of Attila, general of the Huns, called the Scourge of God, and who boasted that the grass did not grow where his horse had set his foot; but no! they belong to our own times. They are portions of the wonderful, but wicked, career of him who stands forth the foremost representative of worldly grandeur. The heart aches, as we follow him and his marshals from field to field of Satanic glory,[2] finding everywhere, from Spain to Russia, the same carnival of woe. The picture is various, yet the same. Suffering, wounds, and death, in every form, fill the terrible canvas. What scene more dismal than that of Albuera, with its horrid piles of corpses, while all night the rain pours down, and river, hill, and forest,

[1] Napier, Book V. ch. 8, Vol. II. p. 46.

[2] A living poet of Italy, who will be placed by his prose among the great names of his country's literature, in a remarkable ode which he has thrown on the urn of Napoleon invites posterity to judge whether his career of battle was True Glory.

"Fu vera gloria? Ai posteri
L' ardua sentenza." — MANZONI, *Il Cinque Maggio.*

When men learn to appreciate moral grandeur, the easy sentence will be rendered.

on each side, resound with the cries and groans of the dying?[1] What scene more awfully monumental than Salamanca, where, long after the great battle, the ground, strewn with fragments of casques and cuirasses, was still white with the skeletons of those who fell?[2] What catalogue of horrors more complete than the Russian campaign? At every step is war, and this is enough: soldiers black with powder; bayonets bent with the violence of the encounter; the earth ploughed with cannon-shot; trees torn and mutilated; the dead and dying; wounds and agony; fields covered with broken carriages, outstretched horses, and mangled bodies; while disease, sad attendant on military suffering, sweeps thousands from the great hospitals, and the multitude of amputated limbs, which there is no time to destroy, accumulate in bloody heaps, filling the air with corruption. What tongue, what pen, can describe the bloody havoc at Borodino, where, between rise and set of a single sun, one hundred thousand of our fellow-men, equalling in number the whole population of this city, sank to earth, dead or wounded?[3] Fifty days after the battle, no less than thirty thousand are found stretched where their last convulsions ended, and the whole plain is strewn with half-buried carcasses of men and horses, intermingled with garments dyed in blood, and bones gnawed by dogs and vultures.[4] Who can follow the French army in dismal retreat, avoiding the spear of the pursuing Cossack only to sink beneath the sharper frost and ice,

[1] Napier, Book XII. ch. 7, Vol. III. p. 543.
[2] Alison, Ch. 64, Vol. VIII. p. 589.
[3] Ibid., Ch. 67, Vol. VIII. p. 871.
[4] Ibid., Ch. 68, Vol. VIII. p. 930. Ségur, Hist. de Napoléon, Liv. IX. ch. 7, Tom. II. p. 153. Labaume, Rel. de la Campagne de Russie, Liv. VII.

in a temperature below zero, on foot, without shelter for the body, famishing on horse-flesh and a miserable compound of rye and snow-water? With a fresh array, the war is upheld against new forces under the walls of Dresden; and as the Emperor rides over the field of battle — after indulging the night before in royal supper with the Saxon king — he sees ghastly new-made graves, with hands and arms projecting, stark and stiff, above the ground; and shortly afterwards, when shelter is needed for the troops, the order to occupy the Hospitals for the Insane is given, with the words, "Turn out the mad." [1]

Here I might close this scene of blood. But there is one other picture of the atrocious, though natural, consequences of war, occurring almost within our own day, that I would not omit. Let me bring to your mind Genoa, called the Superb, City of Palaces, dear to the memory of American childhood as the birth-place of Christopher Columbus, and one of the spots first enlightened by the morning beams of civilization, whose merchants were princes, and whose rich argosies, in those early days, introduced to Europe the choicest products of the East, the linen of Egypt, the spices of Arabia, and the silks of Samarcand. She still sits in queenly pride, as she sat then, — her mural crown studded with towers, — her churches rich with marble floors and rarest pictures, — her palaces of ancient doges and admirals yet spared by the hand of Time, — her close streets thronged by a hundred thousand inhabitants, — at the foot of the Apennines, as they approach the blue and tideless waters of the Mediterranean Sea,

[1] Alison, Ch. 72, Vol. IX. pp. 469, 553.

— leaning her back against their strong mountain-sides, overshadowed by the foliage of the fig-tree and the olive, while the orange and the lemon with pleasant perfume scent the air where reigns perpetual spring. Who can contemplate such a city without delight? Who can listen to the story of her sorrows without a pang?

At the opening of the present century, the armies of the French Republic, after dominating over Italy, were driven from their conquests, and compelled, with shrunken forces, to find shelter under Massena, within the walls of Genoa. Various efforts were made by the Austrian general, aided by bombardment from the British fleet, to force the strong defences by assault. At length the city was invested by a strict blockade. All communication with the country was cut off, while the harbor was closed by the ever-wakeful British watch-dogs of war. Besides the French troops, within the beleaguered and unfortunate city are the peaceful, unoffending inhabitants. Provisions soon become scarce; scarcity sharpens into want, till fell Famine, bringing blindness and madness in her train, rages like an Erinnys. Picture to yourselves this large population, not pouring out their lives in the exulting rush of battle, but wasting at noonday, daughter by the side of mother, husband by the side of wife. When grain and rice fail, flaxseed, millet, cocoa, and almonds are ground by hand-mills into flour, and even bran, baked with honey, is eaten, less to satisfy than to deaden hunger. Before the last extremities, a pound of horse-flesh is sold for thirty-two cents, a pound of bran for thirty cents, a pound of flour for one dollar and seventy-five cents. A single bean is soon sold for two cents, and a biscuit of three ounces for two dollars and a quarter,

till finally none can be had at any price. The wretched soldiers, after devouring the horses, are reduced to the degradation of feeding on dogs, cats, rats, and worms, which are eagerly hunted in cellars and sewers. "Happy were now," exclaims an Italian historian, "not those who lived, but those who died!" The day is dreary from hunger, — the night more dreary still, from hunger with delirious fancies. They now turn to herbs, — dock, sorrel, mallows, wild succory. People of every condition, with women of noble birth and beauty, seek upon the slope of the mountain within the defences those aliments which Nature designed solely for beasts. Scanty vegetables, with a scrap of cheese, are all that can be afforded to the sick and wounded, those sacred stipendiaries of human charity. In the last anguish of despair, men and women fill the air with groans and shrieks, some in spasms, convulsions, and contortions, yielding their expiring breath on the unpitying stones of the street, — alas! not more unpitying than man. Children, whom a dead mother's arms had ceased to protect, orphans of an hour, with piercing cries, supplicate in vain the compassion of the passing stranger: none pity or aid. The sweet fountains of sympathy are all closed by the selfishness of individual distress. In the general agony, some precipitate themselves into the sea, while the more impetuous rush from the gates, and impale their bodies on the Austrian bayonets. Others still are driven to devour their shoes and the leather of their pouches; and the horror of human flesh so far abates, that numbers feed like cannibals on the corpses about them.[1]

[1] This account is drawn from the animated sketches of Botta (Storia

At this stage the French general capitulated, claiming and receiving what are called "the honors of war," — but not before twenty thousand innocent persons, old and young, women and children, having no part or interest in the contest, had died the most horrible of deaths. The Austrian flag floated over captured Genoa but a brief span of time; for Bonaparte had already descended like an eagle from the Alps, and in nine days afterwards, on the plains of Marengo, shattered the Austrian empire in Italy.

But wasted lands, famished cities, and slaughtered armies are not all that is contained in "the purple testament of bleeding war." Every soldier is connected with others, as all of you, by dear ties of kindred, love, and friendship. He has been sternly summoned from the embrace of family. To him there is perhaps an aged mother, who fondly hoped to lean her bending years on his more youthful form; perhaps a wife, whose life is just entwined inseparably with his, now condemned to wasting despair; perhaps sisters, brothers. As he falls on the field of war, must not all these rush with his blood? But who can measure the distress that

d' Italia dal 1789 al 1814, Tom. III. Lib. 19), Alison (History of Europe, Vol. IV. ch. 30), and Arnold (Modern History, Lect. IV.). The humanity of the last is particularly aroused to condemn this most atrocious murder of innocent people, and, as a sufficient remedy, he suggests a modification of the Laws of War, permitting non-combatants to withdraw from a blockaded town! In this way, indeed, they may be spared a languishing death by starvation; but they must desert firesides, pursuits, all that makes life dear, and become homeless exiles, — a fate little better than the former. It is strange that Arnold's pure soul and clear judgment did not recognize the truth, that the whole custom of war is unrighteous and unlawful, and that the horrors of this siege are its natural consequence. Laws of War! Laws in what is lawless! rules of wrong! There can be only *one Law of War*, — that is, the great law which pronounces it unwise, unjust, and unchristian.

radiates as from a bloody sun, penetrating innumerable homes? Who can give the gauge and dimensions of this infinite sorrow? Tell me, ye who feel the bitterness of parting with dear friends and kindred, whom you watch tenderly till the last golden sands are run out and the great hour-glass is turned, what is the measure of your anguish? Your friend departs, soothed by kindness and in the arms of Love: the soldier gasps out his life with no friend near, while the scowl of Hate darkens all that he beholds, darkens his own departing soul. Who can forget the anguish that fills the bosom and crazes the brain of Lenore, in the matchless ballad of Bürger, when seeking in vain among returning squadrons for her lover left dead on Prague's ensanguined plain? But every field of blood has many Lenores. All war is full of desolate homes, as is vividly pictured by a master poet of antiquity, whose verse is an argument.

"But through the bounds of Grecia's land,
Who sent her sons for Troy to part,
See mourning, with much suffering heart,
On each man's threshold stand,
On each sad hearth in Grecia's land.
Well may her soul with grief be rent;
She well remembers whom she sent,
She sees them not return:
Instead of men, to each man's home
Urns and ashes only come,
And the armor which they wore,—
Sad relics to their native shore.
For Mars, the barterer of the lifeless clay,
Who sells for gold the slain,
And holds the scale, in battle's doubtful day,
High balanced o'er the plain,
From Ilium's walls for men returns
Ashes and sepulchral urns,—
Ashes wet with many a tear,
Sad relics of the fiery bier.
Round the full urns the general groan
Goes, as each their kindred own:

One they mourn in battle strong,
And one that 'mid the armed throng
He sunk in glory's slaughtering tide,
And for another's consort died.
. . . . .
Others they mourn whose monuments stand
By Ilium's walls on foreign strand;
Where they fell in beauty's bloom,
There they lie in hated tomb,
Sunk beneath the massy mound,
In eternal chambers bound." [1]

III.

But all these miseries are to no purpose. War is utterly ineffectual to secure or advance its professed object. The wretchedness it entails contributes to no end, helps to establish no right, and therefore in no respect determines *justice* between the contending nations.

The fruitlessness and vanity of war appear in the great conflicts by which the world has been lacerated. After long struggle, where each nation inflicts and receives incalculable injury, peace is gladly obtained on the basis of the condition before the war, known as the *status ante bellum*. I cannot illustrate this futility better than by the familiar example — humiliating to both countries — of our last war with Great Britain, where the professed object was to obtain a renunciation of the British claim, so defiantly asserted, to impress our seamen. To overturn this injustice the Arbitrament of War was invoked, and for nearly three years the whole country was under its terrible ban. American commerce was driven from the seas; the re-

[1] Agamemnon of Æschylus: *Chorus*. This is from the beautiful translation by John Symmons.

sources of the land were drained by taxation; villages on the Canadian frontier were laid in ashes; the metropolis of the Republic was captured; while distress was everywhere within our borders. Weary at last with this rude trial, the National Government appointed commissioners to treat for peace, with these specific instructions: "Your first duty will be to conclude a peace with Great Britain; and you are authorized to do it, *in case* you obtain a satisfactory stipulation against impressment, one which shall secure under our flag protection to the crew. . . . . If this encroachment of Great Britain is not provided against, *the United States have appealed to arms in vain.*"[1] Afterwards, finding small chance of extorting from Great Britain a relinquishment of the unrighteous claim, and foreseeing from the inveterate prosecution of the war only an accumulation of calamities, the National Government directed the negotiators, in concluding a treaty, to "*omit any stipulation on the subject of impressment.*"[2] These instructions were obeyed, and the treaty that restored to us once more the blessings of peace, so rashly cast away, but now hailed with intoxication of joy, contained no allusion to impressment, nor did it provide for the surrender of a single American sailor detained in the British navy. Thus, by the confession of our own Government, "the United States *had appealed to arms* IN VAIN."[3] These important words are not mine; they are words of the country.

[1] Mr. Monroe to Commissioners, April 15, 1813: American State Papers, Vol. VIII. pp. 577, 578.

[2] Mr. Monroe to Commissioners, June 27, 1814: Ibid., Vol. VIII. p. 593.

[3] Mr. Jefferson, in more than one letter, declares the peace ***an armistice only***, "because no security is provided against the impressment of our seamen." — Letter to Crawford, Feb. 11, 1815; to Lafayette, Feb. 14, 1815: Works, Vol. VI. pp. 420, 427.

All this is the natural result of an appeal to war for the determination of *justice*. Justice implies the exercise of the judgment. Now war not only supersedes the judgment, but delivers over the pending question to superiority of *force*, or to *chance*.

Superior force may end in conquest; this is the natural consequence; but it cannot adjudicate any right. We expose the absurdity of its arbitrament, when, by a familiar phrase of sarcasm, we deride *the right of the strongest*, — excluding, of course, all idea of right, except that of the lion as he springs upon a weaker beast, of the wolf as he tears in pieces the lamb, of the vulture as he devours the dove. The grossest spirits must admit that this is not justice.

But the battle is not always to the strong. Superiority of force is often checked by the proverbial contingencies of war. Especially are such contingencies revealed in rankest absurdity, where nations, as is the acknowledged *custom*, without regard to their respective forces, whether weaker or stronger, voluntarily appeal to this mad umpirage. Who beforehand can measure the currents of the heady fight? In common language, we confess the "chances" of battle; and soldiers devoted to this harsh vocation yet call it a "game." The Great Captain of our age, who seemed to drag victory at his chariot-wheels, in a formal address to his officers, on entering Russia, says, "In war, *fortune* has an equal share with ability in success." [1] The famous victory of Marengo, accident of an accident, wrested unexpectedly at close of day from a foe at an earlier hour successful, taught him the uncertainty of war. Afterwards, in bitterness of spirit, when his immense forces were

[1] Alison, Ch. 67, Vol. VIII. p. 815.

shivered, and his triumphant eagles driven back with broken wing, he exclaimed, in that remarkable conversation recorded by his secretary, Fain, — "Well, this is War! High in the morning, — low enough at night! From a triumph to a fall is often but a step."[1] The same sentiment is repeated by the military historian of the Peninsular campaigns, when he says, "*Fortune* always asserts her supremacy in war; and often from a slight mistake such disastrous consequences flow, that, in every age and every nation, the *uncertainty* of arms has been proverbial."[2] And again, in another place, considering the conduct of Wellington, the same military historian, who is an unquestionable authority, confesses, "A few hours' delay, an accident, a turn of fortune, and he would have been foiled. Ay! but this is War, *always dangerous and uncertain*, an ever-rolling wheel, and armed with scythes."[3] And will intelligent man look for justice to an ever-rolling wheel armed with scythes?

Chance is written on every battle-field. Discerned less in the conflict of large masses than in that of individuals, it is equally present in both. How capriciously the wheel turned when the fortunes of Rome were staked on the combat between the Horatii and Curiatii! — and who, at one time, augured that the single Horatius, with two slain brothers on the field, would overpower the three living enemies? But this is not alone. In all the combats of history, involving the fate of individuals or nations, we learn to revolt at the frenzy which carries questions of property, freedom, or life to a judgment so uncertain and senseless. The humorous poet fitly exposes its hazards, when he says, —

[1] Alison, Ch. 72, Vol. IX. p. 497.
[2] Napier, Book XXIV. ch. 6, Vol. VI. p. 687.
[3] Ibid., Book XVI. ch. 7, Vol. IV. p. 476.

"that a turnstile is more certain
Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune." [1]

During the early modern centuries, and especially in the moral night of the Dark Ages, the practice prevailed extensively throughout Europe of invoking this adjudication for controversies, whether of individuals or communities. I do not dwell on the custom of Private War, though it aptly illustrates the subject, stopping merely to echo that joy which, in a time of ignorance, before this arbitrament yielded gradually to the ordinances of monarchs and an advancing civilization, hailed its temporary suspension as *The Truce of God*. But this beautiful term, most suggestive, and historically important, cannot pass without the attention which belongs to it. Such a truce is still an example, and also an argument; but it is for nations. Here is something to be imitated; and here also is an appeal to the reason. If individuals or communities once recognized the Truce of God, why not again? And why may not its benediction descend upon nations also? Its origin goes back to the darkest night. It was in 1032 that the Bishop of Aquitaine announced the appearance of an angel with a message from Heaven, engaging men to cease from war and be reconciled. The people, already softened by calamity and disposed to supernatural impressions, hearkened to the sublime message, and consented. From sunset Thursday to sunrise Monday each week, also during Advent and Lent, and at the great festivals, all effusion of blood was interdicted, and no man could molest his adversary. Women, children, travellers, merchants, laborers, were assured perpetual peace. Every church was made an asylum,

[1] Hudibras, Part I. Canto 3, vv. 23, 24.

and, by happy association, the plough also sheltered from peril all who came to it. This respite, justly regarded as marvellous, was hailed as the Truce of God. Beginning in one neighborhood, it was piously extended until it embraced the whole kingdom, and then, by the authority of the Pope, became coextensive with Christendom; while those who violated it were put under solemn ban. As these things passed, bishops lifted their crosses, and the people in their gladness cried, *Peace! Peace.!*[1] Originally too limited in operation and too short in duration, the Truce of God must again be proclaimed for all places and all times, — proclaimed to all mankind and all nations, without distinction of person or calling, on all days of the week, without distinction of sacred days or festivals, and with one universal asylum, not merely the church and the plough, but every place and thing.

From Private Wars, whose best lesson is the Truce of God, by which for a time they were hushed, I come to the *Judicial Combat*, or Trial by Battle, where, as in a mirror, we behold the barbarism of War, without truce of any kind. Trial by Battle was a formal and legitimate mode of deciding controversies, principally between individuals. Like other ordeals, by walking barefoot and blindfold among burning ploughshares, by holding hot iron, by dipping the hand in hot water or hot oil, and like the great Ordeal of War, it was a presumptuous appeal to Providence, under the apprehension and hope that Heaven would give the victory to him who had the right. Its object was the

[1] Robertson, Hist. of Charles V., Vol. I. note 21. Semichon, La Paix et la Trève de Dieu, Tom. II. pp. 35, 53.

very object of War, — *the determination of Justice.* It was sanctioned by Municipal Law as an arbitrament for individuals, as War, to the scandal of civilization is still sanctioned by International Law as an arbitrament for nations. "Men," says the brilliant Frenchman, Montesquieu, "subject even their prejudices to rules"; and Trial by Battle, which he does not hesitate to denounce as a "monstrous usage," was surrounded by artificial regulations of multifarious detail, constituting an extensive system, determining how and when it should be waged, as War is surrounded by a complex code, known as the Laws of War. "Nothing," says Montesquieu again, "could be more contrary to good sense, but, once established, it was executed with a certain prudence," — which is equally true of War. No battle-field for an army is selected with more care than was the field for Trial by Battle. An open space in the neighborhood of a church was often reserved for this purpose. At the famous Abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, in Paris, there was a tribune for the judges, overlooking the adjoining meadow, which served for the field.[1] The combat was inaugurated by a solemn mass, according to a form still preserved, *Missa pro Duello,* so that, in ceremonial and sanction, as in the field, the Church was constantly present. Champions were hired, as soldiers now.[2]

No question was too sacred, grave, or recondite for this

[1] Sismondi, Hist. des Français, Part. V. ch. 9, Tom. X. p. 514.

[2] The pivotal character of Trial by Battle, as an illustration of War, will justify a reference to the modern authorities, among which are Robertson, who treats it with perspicuity and fulness (History of Charles V., Vol. I. note 22), — Hallam, always instructive (Middle Ages, Vol. I. Chap. II. pt. 2), — Blackstone, always clear (Commentaries, Book III. ch. 22, sec. 5, and Book IV. ch. 27, sec. 3), — Montesquieu, who casts upon it a flood of

tribunal. In France, the title of an Abbey to a neighboring church was decided by it; and an Emperor of Germany, according to a faithful ecclesiastic, "desirous of dealing *honorably* with his people and nobles" (mark here the standard of honor!), waived the judgment of the court on a grave question of law concerning the descent of property, and referred it to champions. Human folly did not stop here. In Spain, a subtile point of theology was submitted to the same determination.[1] But Trial by Battle was not confined to particular countries or to rare occasions. It prevailed everywhere in Europe, superseding in many places all other ordeals, and even *Trials by Proofs*, while it extended not only to criminal matters, but to questions of property. In Orléans it had an exceptional limitation, being denied in civil matters where the amount did not exceed five sous.[2]

Like War in our day, its justice and fitness as an arbitrament were early doubted or condemned. Liutprand, a king of the Lombards, during that middle period neither ancient nor modern, in a law bearing date A. D.

light (Esprit des Lois, Liv. XXVIII. ch. 18-33), — Sismondi, humane and interesting (Histoire des Français, Part. IV. ch. 11, Tom. VIII. pp. 72-78), — Guizot, in a work of remarkable historic beauty, more grave than Montesquieu, and enlightened by a better philosophy (Histoire de la Civilisation en France depuis la Chute de l'Empire Romain, Tom. IV. pp. 89, 149-166), — Wheaton, our learned countryman (History of the Northmen, Chap. III. and XII.), — also the two volumes of Millingen's History of Duelling, if so loose a compend deserves a place in this list. All these, describing Trial by Battle, testify against War. I cannot conceal that so great an authority as Selden, a most enlightened jurist of the Long Parliament, argues the lawfulness of the Duel from the lawfulness of War. After setting forth that "a duel may be granted in some cases by the law of England," he asks, "But whether is this lawful?" and then answers, "*If you grant any war lawful*, I make no doubt but to convince it." (Table-Talk: *Duel.*) But if the Duel be unlawful, how then with War?

[1] Robertson, Hist. Charles V., Vol. I. note 22.

[2] Montesquieu, Esprit des Lois, Liv. XXVIII. ch. 19.

724, declares his distrust of it as a mode of determining justice; but the monarch is compelled to add, that, considering the *custom* of his Lombard people, he cannot forbid the *impious law.* His words deserve emphatic mention: "*Propter consuetudinem gentis nostræ Langobardorum* LEGEM IMPIAM *vetare non possumus.*."[1] The appropriate epithet by which he branded Trial by Battle is the important bequest of the royal Lombard to a distant posterity. For this the lawgiver will be cherished with grateful regard in the annals of civilization.

This custom received another blow from Rome. In the latter part of the thirteenth century, Don Pedro of Aragon, after exchanging letters of defiance with Charles of Anjou, proposed a personal combat, which was accepted, on condition that Sicily should be the prize of success. Each called down upon himself all the vengeance of Heaven, and the last dishonor, if, at the appointed time, he failed to appear before the Seneschal of Aquitaine, or, in case of defeat, refused to consign Sicily undisturbed to the victor. While they were preparing for the lists, the Pope, Martin the Fourth, protested with all his might against this new Trial by Battle, which staked the sovereignty of a kingdom, a feudatory of the Holy See, on a wild stroke of chance. By a papal bull, dated at Civita Vecchia, April 5th, 1283, he threatened excommunication to either of the princes who should proceed to a combat which he pronounced *criminal* and *abominable.* By a letter of the same date, the Pope announced to Edward the First of England, Duke of Aquitaine, the agreement of the two princes, which he most earnestly declared to

[1] Liutprandi Leges, Lib. VI. cap. 65: Muratori, Rerum Italic. Script., Tom. I. pars 2, p. 74.

be full of indecency and rashness, hostile to the concord of Christendom, and reckless of Christian blood; and he urged upon the English monarch all possible effort to prevent the combat, — menacing him with excommunication, and his territories with interdict, if it should take place. Edward refusing to guaranty the safety of the combatants in Aquitaine, the parties retired without consummating their duel.[1] The judgment of the Holy See, which thus accomplished its immediate object, though not in terms directed to the suppression of the *custom*, remains, nevertheless, from its peculiar energy, a perpetual testimony against Trial by Battle.

To a monarch of France belongs the honor of first interposing the royal authority for the entire suppression within his jurisdiction of this *impious custom*, so universally adopted, so dear to the nobility, and so profoundly rooted in the institutions of the Feudal Age. And here let me pause with reverence as I pronounce the name of St. Louis, a prince whose unenlightened errors may find easy condemnation in an age of larger toleration and wider knowledge, but whose firm and upright soul, exalted sense of justice, fatherly regard for the happiness of his people, respect for the rights of others, conscience void of offence toward God or man, make him foremost among Christian rulers, and the highest example for Christian prince or Christian people, — in one word, a model of True Greatness. He was of angelic conscience, subjecting whatever he did to the single and exclusive test of moral rectitude, disregarding every consideration of worldly advantage, all fear of worldly consequences.

[1] Sismondi, Hist. des Français, Part. IV. ch. 15, Tom. VIII. pp. 338 - 347.

His soul, thus tremblingly sensitive to right, was shocked at the judicial combat. It was a sin, in his sight, thus to *tempt God*, by demanding of him a miracle, whenever judgment was pronounced. From these intimate convictions sprang a royal ordinance, promulgated first at a Parliament assembled in 1260: "*We forbid to all persons throughout our dominions the* TRIAL BY BATTLE; . . . . *and instead of battles, we establish proofs by witnesses.* . . . . AND THESE BATTLES WE ABOLISH IN OUR DOMINIONS FOREVER."[1]

Such were the restraints on the royal authority, that this beneficent ordinance was confined in operation to the demesnes of the king, not embracing those of the barons and feudatories. But where the power of the sovereign did not reach, there he labored by example, influence, and express intercession, — treating with the great vassals, and inducing many to renounce this unnatural usage. Though for years later it continued to vex parts of France, its overthrow commenced with the Ordinance of St. Louis.

Honor and blessings attend this truly Christian king, who submitted all his actions to the Heaven-descended sentiment of Duty, — who began a long and illustrious reign by renouncing and restoring conquests of his predecessor, saying to those about him, whose souls did not ascend to his heights, "I know that the predecessors of the King of England lost altogether by right the conquest which I hold; and the land which I give him I do not give because I am bound to him or his heirs, *but to put love between my children and his children, who are cousins-german;* and it seems to me that what I

[1] Guizot, Hist. de la Civilisation en France, Leçon 14, Vol. IV. pp. 162 - 164.

thus give I employ to good purpose."[1] Honor to him who never by force or cunning grasped what was not his own, — who sought no advantage from the turmoil and dissension of his neighbors, — who, first of Christian princes, rebuked the Spirit of War, saying to those who would have him profit by the strifes of others, "Blessed are the peacemakers,"[2] — who, by an immortal ordinance, abolished Trial by Battle throughout his dominions, — who extended equal justice to all, whether his own people or his neighbors, and in the extremity of his last illness, before the walls of Tunis, under a burning African sun, among the bequests of his spirit, enjoined on his son and successor, "in maintaining justice, to be inflexible and loyal, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left."[3]

To condemn Trial by Battle no longer requires the sagacity above his age of the Lombard monarch, or the intrepid judgment of the Sovereign Pontiff, or the ecstatic soul of St. Louis. An incident of history, as curious as it is authentic, illustrates this point, and shows the certain progress of opinion; and this brings me to England, where this trial was an undoubted part of the early Common Law, with peculiar ceremonies sanctioned by the judges robed in scarlet. The learned Selden, not content with tracing its origin, and exhibiting its forms, with the oath of the duellist, "As God me help, and his saints of Paradise," shows also the copartnership of the Church through its liturgy appointing prayers for the occasion.[4] For some time it was the

[1] Guizot, Hist. de la Civilisation en France, Leçon 14, Vol. IV. p. 151.
[2] "*Benoist soient tuit li apaiseur.*" — Joinville, p. 148.
[3] Sismondi, Hist. des Français, Part. IV. ch. 12, Tom. VIII. p. 196.
[4] Selden, The Duello, or Single Combat, from Antiquity derived into this

only mode of trying a writ of right, by which the title to real property was determined, and the fines from the numerous cases formed no inconsiderable portion of the King's revenue.[1] It was partially restrained by Henry the Second, under the advice of his chief justiciary, the ancient law-writer, Glanville, substituting the Grand Assize as an alternative, on the trial of a writ of right; and the reason assigned for this substitution was the uncertainty of the Duel, so that after many and long delays justice was scarcely obtained, in contrast with the other trial, which was more convenient and swift.[2] At a later day, Trial by Battle was rebuked by Elizabeth, who interposed to compel the parties to a composition, — although, for the sake of their *honor*, as it was called, the lists were marked out and all the preliminary forms observed with much ceremony.[3] It was awarded under Charles the First, and the proceeding went so far that a day was proclaimed for the combatants to appear with spear, long sword, short sword, and dagger, when the duel was adjourned from time to time, and at last the king compelled an accommodation without bloodshed.[4] Though fallen

Kingdom of England; also, Table Talk, *Duel:* Works, Vol. III. col. 49 – 84, 2027.

[1] Madox, Hist. of Exchequer, Vol. I. p. 349.

[2] "Est autem magna Assisa regale quoddam beneficium, ... quo vitæ hominum et status integritati tam salubriter consulitur, ut in jure quod quis in libero soli tenemento possidet retinendo, duelli casum declinare possunt homines ambiguum. .... Jus enim, *quod post multas et longas dilationes vix evincitur per duellum*, per beneficium istius constitutionis commodius et acceleratius expeditur." (Glanville, Tractatus de Legibus et Consuetudinibus Regni Angliæ, Lib. II. cap. 7.) These pointed words are precisely applicable to our Arbitrament of War, with its many and long delays, so little productive of justice.

[3] Robertson, Hist. Charles V., Vol. I. note 22.

[4] Proceedings in the Court of Chivalry, on an Appeal of High Treason by

into desuetude, quietly overruled by the enlightened sense of successive generations, yet, to the disgrace of English jurisprudence, it was not legislatively abolished till near our own day, — as late as 1819, — the right to it having been openly claimed in Westminster Hall only two years previous. An ignorant man, charged with murder, — whose name, Abraham Thornton, is necessarily connected with the history of this monstrous usage, — being proceeded against by the ancient process of appeal, pleaded, when brought into court, as follows: "Not guilty; and I am ready to defend the same by my body": and thereupon taking off his glove, he threw it upon the floor. The appellant, not choosing to accept this challenge, abandoned his proceedings. The bench, the bar, and the whole kingdom were startled by the infamy; and at the next session of Parliament Trial by Battle was abolished in England. In the debate on this subject, the Attorney-General remarked, in appropriate terms, that, "if the appellant had persevered in the Trial by Battle, he had no doubt the legislature would have felt it their imperious duty at once to interfere, and pass *an ex post facto law to prevent so degrading a spectacle from taking place.*" [1]

These words evince the disgust which Trial by Battle excites in our day. Its folly and wickedness are conspicuous to all. Reverting to that early period in which it prevailed, our minds are impressed by the general barbarism; we recoil with horror from the awful subjection of justice to brute force, — from the impious profanation

Donald Lord Rea against Mr. David Ramsay, 7 Cha. I., 1631: Hargrave's State Trials, Vol. XI. pp. 124-131.

[1] Hansard, Parl. Debates, XXXIX. 1104. Blackstone, Com., III. 337, Chitty's note.

of God in deeming him present at these outrages, — from the moral degradation out of which they sprang, and which they perpetuated; we enrobe ourselves in self-complacent virtue, and thank God that we are not as these men, — that ours is an age of light, while theirs was an age of darkness!

But remember, fellow-citizens, that this criminal and impious custom, which all condemn in the case of individuals, is openly avowed by our own country, and by other countries of the great Christian Federation, nay, that it is expressly *established* by International Law, as the proper mode of determining *justice* between nations, — while the feats of hardihood by which it is waged, and the triumphs of its fields, are exalted beyond all other labors, whether of learning, industry, or benevolence, as the well-spring of Glory. Alas! upon our own heads be the judgment of barbarism which we pronounce upon those that have gone before! At this moment, in this period of light, while to the contented souls of many the noonday sun of civilization seems to be standing still in the heavens, as upon Gibeon, the dealings between nations are still governed by the odious rules of brute violence which once predominated between individuals. The Dark Ages have not passed away; Erebus and black Night, born of Chaos, still brood over the earth; nor can we hail the clear day, until the hearts of nations are touched, as the hearts of individual men, and all acknowledge *one and the same Law of Right.*

What has taught you, O man! thus to find glory in an act, performed by a nation, which you condemn as a crime or a barbarism, when committed by an individual?

In what vain conceit of wisdom and virtue do you find this incongruous morality? Where is it declared that God, who is no respecter of persons, is a respecter of multitudes? Whence do you draw these partial laws of an impartial God? Man is immortal; but Nations are mortal. Man has a higher destiny than Nations. Can Nations be less amenable to the supreme moral law? Each individual is an atom of the mass. Must not the mass, in its conscience, be like the individuals of which it is composed? Shall the mass, in relations with other masses, do what individuals in relations with each other may not do? As in the physical creation, so in the moral, there is but one rule for the individual and the mass. It was the lofty discovery of Newton, that the simple law which determines the fall of an apple prevails everywhere throughout the Universe, — ruling each particle in reference to every other particle, large or small, — reaching from earth to heaven, and controlling the infinite motions of the spheres. So, with equal scope, another simple law, *the Law of Right*, which binds the individual, binds also two or three when gathered together, — binds conventions and congregations of men, — binds villages, towns, and cities, — binds states, nations, and races, — clasps the whole human family in its sevenfold embrace; nay, more, beyond

> "the flaming bounds of place and time,
> The living throne, the sapphire blaze,"

it binds the angels of Heaven, Cherubim, full of knowledge, Seraphim, full of love; above all, it binds, in self-imposed bonds, a just and omnipotent God. This is the law of which the ancient poet sings, as *Queen alike of mortals and immortals.* It is of this, and not of any earthly law, that Hooker speaks in that magnificent pe-

riod which sounds like an anthem: "Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power: both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy." Often quoted, and justly admired, sometimes as the finest sentence of our English speech, this grand declaration cannot be more fitly invoked than to condemn the pretence of one law for the individual and another for the nation.

Stripped of all delusive apology, and tried by that comprehensive law under which nations are set to the bar like common men, War falls from glory into barbarous guilt, taking its place among bloody transgressions, while its flaming honors are turned into shame. Painful to existing prejudice as this may be, we must learn to abhor it, as we abhor similar transgressions by vulgar offender. Every word of reprobation which the enlightened conscience now fastens upon the savage combatant in Trial by Battle, or which it applies to the unhappy being who in murderous duel takes the life of his fellow-man, belongs also to the nation that appeals to War. Amidst the thunders of Sinai God declared, "Thou shalt not kill"; and the voice of these thunders, with this commandment, is prolonged to our own day in the echoes of Christian churches. What mortal shall restrict the application of these words? Who on earth is empowered to vary or abridge the commandments of God? Who shall presume to declare that this injunction was directed, not to nations, but to individuals

only, — not to many, but to one only, — that one man shall not kill, but that many may, — that one man shall not slay in Duel, but that a nation may slay a multitude in the duel of War, — that each individual is forbidden to destroy the life of a single human being, but that a nation is not forbidden to cut off by the sword a whole people? We are struck with horror, and our hair stands on end, at the report of a single murder; we think of the soul hurried to final account; we hunt the murderer; and Government puts forth its energies to secure his punishment. Viewed in the unclouded light of Truth, what is War but organized murder, — murder of malice aforethought, — in cold blood, — under sanctions of *impious law*, — through the operation of an extensive machinery of crime, — with innumerable hands, — at incalculable cost of money, — by subtle contrivances of cunning and skill, — or amidst the fiendish atrocities of the savage, brutal assault?

By another commandment, not less solemn, it is declared, "Thou shalt not steal"; and then again there is another forbidding to covet what belongs to others: but all this is done by War, which is stealing and covetousness organized by International Law. The Scythian, undisturbed by the illusion of military glory, snatched a phrase of justice from an acknowledged criminal, when he called Alexander "the greatest robber in the world." And the Roman satirist, filled with similar truth, in pungent words touched to the quick that flagrant, unblushing injustice which dooms to condign punishment the very guilt that in another sphere and on a grander scale is hailed with acclamation: —

"Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema."[1]

[1] Juvenal, Sat. XIII. 105. The same judgment is pronounced by Fénelon

While condemning the ordinary malefactor, mankind, blind to the real character of War, may yet a little longer crown the giant actor with glory; a generous posterity may pardon to unconscious barbarism the atrocities which have been waged; but the *custom*, as organized by existing law, cannot escape the unerring judgment of reason and religion. The outrages, which, under most solemn sanctions, it permits and invokes for professed purposes of justice, cannot be authorized by any human power; and they must rise in overwhelming judgment, not only against those who wield the weapons of Battle, but more still against all who uphold its monstrous Arbitrament.

When, O, when shall the St. Louis of the Nations arise, — Christian ruler or Christian people, — who, in the Spirit of True Greatness, shall proclaim, that henceforward forever the great Trial by Battle shall cease, — that "these battles" shall be *abolished* throughout the Commonwealth of Civilization, — that *a spectacle so degrading* shall never be allowed again to take place, — and that it is the duty of nations, involving the highest and wisest policy, to establish love between each other, and, in all respects, at all times, with all persons, whether their own people or the people of other lands, to be governed by the sacred *Law of Right*, as between man and man?

IV.

I am now brought to review the obstacles encountered by those who, according to the injunction of St. Augus-

in his counsels to royalty, entitled, *Examen de Conscience sur les Devoirs de la Royauté.*

tine, would *make war on War*, and slay it with the word. To some of these obstacles I alluded at the beginning, especially the warlike literature, by which the character is formed. The world has supped so full with battles, that its modes of thought and many of its rules of conduct are incarnadined with blood, as the bones of swine, feeding on madder, are said to become red. Not to be tempted by this theme, I hasten on to expose in succession those various PREJUDICES so powerful still in keeping alive the *custom* of War, including that greatest prejudice, mighty parent of an infinite brood, at whose unreasoning behest untold sums are absorbed in Preparations for War.

1. One of the most important is the prejudice from *belief in its necessity*. When War is called a necessity, it is meant, of course, that its object can be attained in no other way. Now I think it has already appeared, with distinctness approaching demonstration, that the professed object of War, which is justice between nations, is in no respect promoted by War, — that force is not justice, nor in any way conducive to justice, — that the eagles of victory are the emblems of successful force only, and not of established right. Justice is obtained solely by the exercise of reason and judgment; but these are silent in the din of arms. Justice is without passion; but War lets loose all the worst passions, while "Chance, high arbiter, more embroils the fray." The age is gone when a nation within the enchanted circle of civilization could make war upon its neighbors for any declared purpose of booty or vengeance. It does "nought in hate, but all in *honor*." Such is the present rule. Professions of tenderness mingle with

the first mutterings of strife. As if conscience-struck at the criminal abyss into which they are plunging, each of the great litigants seeks to fix upon the other some charge of hostile aggression, or to set up the excuse of defending some asserted right, some Texas, some Oregon. Each, like Pontius Pilate, vainly washes its hands of innocent blood, and straightway allows a crime at which the whole heavens are darkened, and two kindred countries are severed, as the vail of the Temple was rent in twain.

Proper modes for the determination of international disputes are Negotiation, Mediation, Arbitration, and a Congress of Nations, — all practicable, and calculated to secure peaceful justice. Under existing Law of Nations these may be employed at any time. *But the very law sanctioning War may be changed,* as regards two or more nations by treaty between them, and as regards the body of nations by general consent. If nations can agree in solemn provisions of International Law to establish War as Arbiter of Justice, they can also agree to abolish this arbitrament, and to establish peaceful substitutes, — precisely as similar substitutes are established by Municipal Law to determine controversies among individuals. A system of Arbitration may be instituted, or a Congress of Nations, charged with the high duty of organizing an *Ultimate Tribunal,* instead of "these battles." To do this, the will only is required.

Let it not be said, then, that war is a *necessity;* and may our country aspire to the glory of taking the lead in disowning the barbarous system of LYNCH LAW among nations, while it proclaims peaceful *substitutes!* Such a glory, unlike the earthly fame of battle, will be

immortal as the stars, dropping perpetual light upon the souls of men.

2. Another prejudice is founded on *the practice of nations*, past and present. There is no crime or enormity in morals which may not find the support of human example, often on an extended scale. But it will not be urged in our day that we are to look for a standard of duty in the conduct of vain, fallible, mistaken man. Not by any subtile alchemy can man transmute Wrong into Right. Because War is according to the practice of the world, it does not follow that it is right. For ages the world worshipped false gods, — not less false because all bowed before them. At this moment the prevailing numbers of mankind are heathen ; but heathenism is not therefore true. Once it was the practice of nations to slaughter prisoners of war; but the Spirit of War recoils now from this bloody sacrifice. By a perverse morality in Sparta, theft, instead of being a crime, was, like War, dignified into an art and accomplishment; like War, it was admitted into the system of youthful education ; and, like War, it was illustrated by an instance of unconquerable firmness, barbaric counterfeit of virtue. The Spartan youth, with the stolen fox beneath his robe eating into his bowels, is an example of fortitude not unlike that so often admired in the soldier. Other illustrations crowd upon the mind ; but I will not dwell upon them. We turn with disgust from Spartan cruelty and the wolves of Taygetus, — from the awful cannibalism of the Feejee Islands, — from the profane rites of innumerable savages, — from the crushing Juggernaut, — from the Hindoo widow on her funeral pyre, — from the

Indian dancing at the stake; but had not all these, like War, the sanction of established usage?

Often is it said that we need not be wiser than our fathers. Rather strive to excel our fathers. What in them was good imitate; but do not bind ourselves, as in chains of Fate, by their imperfect example. In all modesty be it said, we have lived to little purpose, if we are not wiser than the generations that have gone before. It is the exalted distinction of man that he is progressive, — that his reason is not merely the reason of a single human being, but that of the whole human race, in all ages from which knowledge has descended, in all lands from which it has been borne away. We are the heirs to an inheritance grandly accumulating from generation to generation, with the superadded products of other lands. The child at his mother's knee is now taught the orbits of the heavenly bodies,

"Where worlds on worlds compose one Universe,"

the nature of this globe, the character of the tribes by which it is covered, and the geography of countries, to an extent far beyond the ken of the most learned in other days. It is true, therefore, that antiquity is the real infancy of man. Then is he immature, ignorant, wayward, selfish, childish, finding his chief happiness in lowest pleasures, unconscious of the higher. The animal reigns supreme, and he seeks contest, war, blood. Already he has lived through infancy and childhood. Reason and the kindlier virtues, repudiating and abhorring force, now bear sway. The time has come for temperance, moderation, peace. We are the true ancients. The single lock on the battered forehead of old Time is thinner now than when our fathers at-

tempted to grasp it; the hour-glass has been turned often since; the scythe is heavier laden with the work of death.

Let us not, then, take for a lamp to our feet the feeble taper that glimmers from the sepulchre of the Past. Rather hail that ever-burning light above, in whose beams is the brightness of noonday.

3. There is a topic which I approach with diffidence, but in the spirit of frankness. It is the influence which War, though condemned by Christ, has derived from the *Christian Church.* When Constantine, on one of his marches, at the head of his army, beheld the luminous trophy of the cross in the sky, right above the meridian sun, inscribed with the words, *By this conquer,* had his soul been penetrated by the true spirit of Him whose precious symbol it was, he would have found no inspiration to the spear and the sword. He would have received the lesson of self-sacrifice as from the lips of the Saviour, and learned that by no earthly weapon of battle can true victory be won. The pride of conquest would have been rebuked, and the bawble sceptre have fallen from his hands. *By this conquer:* by patience, suffering, forgiveness of evil, by all those virtues of which the cross is the affecting token, *conquer,* and the victory shall be greater than any in the annals of Roman conquest; it may not yet find a place in the records of man, but it will appear in the register of everlasting life.

The Christian Church, after the early centuries, failed to discern the peculiar spiritual beauty of the faith it professed. Like Constantine, it found new incentive to War in the religion of Peace; and such is its character,

even in our own day. The Pope of Rome, the asserted head of the Church, Vicegerent of Christ upon earth, whose seal is a fisherman, on whose banner is a Lamb before the Holy Cross, assumed the command of armies, mingling the thunders of Battle with the thunders of the Vatican. The dagger projecting from the sacred vestments of De Retz, while still an archbishop, was justly derided by the Parisian crowd as "the Archbishop's breviary." We read of mitred prelates in armor of proof, and seem still to catch the clink of the golden spurs of bishops in the streets of Cologne. The sword of knighthood was consecrated by the Church, and priests were expert masters in military exercises. I have seen at the gates of the Papal Palace in Rome a constant guard of Swiss soldiers; I have seen, too, in our own streets, a show as incongruous and inconsistent, — the pastor of a Christian church swelling the pomp of a military parade. And some have heard, within a few short weeks, in a Christian pulpit, from the lips of an eminent Christian divine, a sermon, where we are encouraged to *serve the God of Battles, and, as citizen soldiers, fight for Peace*:[1] a sentiment in unhappy harmony with the profane language of the British peer, who, in addressing the House of Lords, said, "*The best road to Peace, my Lords, is War*, and that in the manner we are taught to worship our Creator, namely, by carrying it on with all our souls, with all our minds, with all our hearts, and with all our strength,"[2] — but finding small support in a religion that expressly enjoins, when one cheek is smitten, to

[1] Discourse before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, by A. H. Vinton.

[2] Earl of Abingdon, May 30, 1794: Hansard, Parl. Hist., XXXI. 680.

turn the other, and which we hear with pain from a minister of Christian truth, — alas! thus made inferior to that of the heathen who *preferred the unjustest peace to the justest war.*[1]

Well may we marvel that now, in an age of civilization, the God of Battles should be invoked. "*Deo imperante,* QUEM ADESSE BELLANTIBUS CREDUNT," are the appropriate words of surprise in which Tacitus describes a similar delusion of the ancient Germans.[2] The polite Roman did not think God present with fighting men. This ancient superstition must have lost something of its hold even in Germany; for, at a recent period, her most renowned captain, — whose false glory procured for him the title of Great, — Frederick of Prussia, declared, with commendable frankness, that he always found the God of Battles on the side of the strongest regiments; and when it was proposed to place on his banner, soon to flout the sky of Silesia, the inscription, *For* GOD *and Country,* he rejected the first word, declaring it not proper to introduce the name of the Deity in the quarrels of men. By this elevated sentiment the warrior monarch may be remembered, when his fame of battle has passed away.

The French priest of Mars, who proclaimed the

[1] "*Vel iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello anteferrem,*" are the words of Cicero. (Epist. A. Cæcinæ: Epp. ad Diversos, VI. 6.) Only eight days after Franklin had placed his name to the treaty of peace which acknowledged the independence of his country, he wrote to a friend, "May we never see another war! for, in my opinion, there never was a good war or a bad peace." (Letter to Josiah Quincy: Works, ed. Sparks, Vol. X. p. 11.) It is with sincere regret that I seem, by a particular allusion, to depart for a moment from so great a theme; but the person and the theme here become united. I cannot refrain from the effort to tear this iron branch of War from the golden tree of Christian Truth, even though a voice come forth from the breaking bough.

[2] De Moribus German., Cap. 7.

"divinity" of War, rivals the ancient Germans in faith that God is the tutelary guardian of battle, and he finds a new title, which he says "shines" on all the pages of Scripture, being none other than *God of Armies.*[1] Never was greater mistake. No theology, no theodicy, has ever attributed to God this title. God is God of Heaven, God of Hosts, the Living God, and he is God of Peace,—so called by St. Paul, saying, "Now the God of Peace be with you all,"[2] and again, "The God of Peace shall bruise Satan shortly,"[3]—but God of Armies he is not, as he is not God of Battles.[4] The title, whether of Armies or of Hosts, thus invoked for War, has an opposite import, even angelic,—the armies named being simply, according to authorities Ecclesiastical and Rabbinical, the hosts of angels standing about the throne. Who, then, is God of Battles? It is Mars,—man-slaying, blood-polluted, city-smiting Mars![5] It is not He who binds the sweet influences of the Pleiades and looses the bands of Orion, who causes the sun to shine on the evil and the good, who distils the oil of gladness upon every upright heart, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,—the Fountain of Mercy and Goodness, the God of Justice and Love. Mars is not the God of Christians; he is not Our Father in Heaven; to him can ascend no prayers of Christian thanksgiving, no words of Christian worship, no pealing anthem to swell the note of praise.

And yet Christ and Mars are still brought into fel-

[1] Joseph de Maistre, Soirées de Saint-Pétersbourg, Tom. II. p. 27.
[2] Romans, xv. 33.
[3] Ibid., xvi. 20.
[4] A volume so common as Cruden's Concordance shows the audacity of the martial claim.
[5] Iliad, V. 31.

lowship, even interchanging pulpits. What a picture of contrasts! A national ship of the line now floats in this harbor. Many of you have pressed its deck, and observed with admiration the completeness which prevails in all its parts, — its lithe masts and complex network of ropes, — its thick wooden walls, within which are more than the soldiers of Ulysses, — its strong defences, and its numerous dread and rude-throated engines of War. There, each Sabbath, amidst this armament of blood, while the wave comes gently plashing against the frowning sides, from a pulpit supported by a cannon, in repose now, but ready to awake its dormant thunder charged with death, a Christian preacher addresses officers and crew. May his instructions carry strength and succor to their souls! But, in such a place, those highest words of the Master he professes, "Blessed are the peacemakers," "Love your enemies," "Resist not evil," must, like Macbeth's "Amen," stick in the throat.

It will not be doubted that this strange and unblessed conjunction of the Church with War has no little influence in blinding the world to the truth, too slowly recognized, that the whole custom of war *is contrary to Christianity.*

Individual interests mingle with prevailing errors, and are so far concerned in maintaining them that military men yield reluctantly to this truth. Like lawyers, as described by Voltaire, they are "conservators of ancient barbarous usages." But that these usages should obtain countenance in the Church is one of those anomalies which make us feel the weakness of our nature, if not the elevation of Christian truth. To uphold the Arbitrament of War requires no more than to uphold

the Trial by Battle; for the two are identical, except in proportion. One is a giant, the other a pygmy. Long ago the Church condemned the pygmy, and this Christian judgment now awaits extension to the giant. Meanwhile it is perpetual testimony; nor should it be forgotten, that, for some time after the Apostles, when the message of peace and good-will was first received, many yielded to it so completely as to reject arms of all kinds. Such was the voice of Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Tertullian, and Origen, while Augustine pleads always for Peace. Gibbon coldly recounts, how Maximilian, a youthful recruit from Africa, refused to serve, insisting that his conscience would not permit him to embrace the profession of soldier, and then how Marcellus the Centurion, on the day of a public festival, threw away his belt, his arms, and the ensigns of command, exclaiming with a loud voice, that he would obey none but Jesus Christ, the Eternal King.[1] Martyrdom ensued, and the Church has inscribed their names on its everlasting rolls, thus forever commemorating their testimony. These are early examples, not without successors. But Mars, so potent, especially in Rome, was not easily dislodged, and down to this day holds his place at Christian altars.

> "Thee to defend the Moloch priest prefers
> The prayer of hate, and bellows to the herd,
> That Deity, accomplice Deity,
> In the fierce jealousy of wakened wrath,
> Will go forth with our armies and our fleets
> To scatter the red ruin on their foes!
> O, blasphemy! to mingle fiendish deeds
> With blessedness!"[2]

[1] Gibbon, Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Chap. XVI. Vol. I. p. 680.

[2] Coleridge, Religious Musings, written Christmas Eve, 1794.

One of the beautiful pictures adorning the dome of a church in Rome, by that master of Art, whose immortal colors speak as with the voice of a poet, the Divine Raphael, represents Mars in the attitude of War, with a drawn sword uplifted and ready to strike, while an unarmed angel from behind, with gentle, but irresistible force, arrests and holds the descending hand. Such is the true image of Christian duty; nor can I readily perceive any difference in principle between those ministers of the Gospel who themselves gird on the sword, as in the olden time, and those others, unarmed, and in customary suit of solemn black, who lend the sanction of their presence to the martial array, or to any form of preparation for War. The drummer, who pleaded that he did not fight, was held more responsible for the battle than the soldier, — as it was the sound of his drum that inflamed the flagging courage of the troops.

4. From prejudices engendered by the Church I pass to prejudices engendered by the army itself, having their immediate origin in military life, but unfortunately diffusing themselves throughout the community, in widening, though less apparent circles. I allude directly to what is called *the Point of Honor*, early child of Chivalry, living representative of its barbarism.[1] It is difficult to define what is so evanescent, so impalpable, so chimerical, so unreal, and yet which exercises such fiendish

[1] The *Point of Honor* has a literature of its own, illustrated by many volumes, some idea of which may be obtained in Brunet, "Manuel du Libraire," Tom. VI. col. 1636 - 1638, under the head of *Chevalerie au Moyen Age, comprenant les Tournois, les Combats Singuliers*, etc. One of these has a title much in advance of the age in which it appeared: "Chrestienne Confutation du Point d'Honneur sur lequel la Noblesse fonde aujourd'hui ses Querelles et Monomachies," par Christ. de Chiffontaine, Paris, 1579.

power over many men, and controls the intercourse of nations. As a little water, fallen into the crevice of a rock, under the congelation of winter, swells till it bursts the thick and stony fibres, so a word or slender act, dropping into the heart of man, under the hardening influence of this pernicious sentiment, dilates till it rends in pieces the sacred depository of human affection, and the demons Hate and Strife are left to rage. The musing Hamlet saw this sentiment in its strange and unnatural potency, when his soul pictured to his contemplations an

> "army of such mass and charge,
> Led by a delicate and tender prince, . . . ,
> Exposing what is mortal and unsure
> To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
> *Even for an egg-shell*";

and when, again, giving to the sentiment its strongest and most popular expression, he exclaims, —

> "Rightly to be great
> Is not to stir without great argument,
> *But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,*
> *When honor 's at the stake.*"

And when is honor at stake? This inquiry opens again the argument with which I commenced, and with which I hope to close. Honor can be at stake only where justice and beneficence are at stake; it can never depend on egg-shell or straw; it can never depend on any hasty word of anger or folly, not even if followed by vulgar violence. True honor appears in the dignity of the human soul, in that highest moral and intellectual excellence which is the nearest approach to qualities we reverence as attributes of God. Our community frowns with indignation upon the profaneness of the duel, having its rise in this irrational *point of*

honor. Are you aware that you indulge the same sentiment on a gigantic scale, when you recognize this very point of honor as a proper apology for War? We have already seen that justice is in no respect promoted by War. Is True Honor promoted where justice is not?

The very word Honor, as used by the world, fails to express any elevated sentiment. How immeasurably below the sentiment of Duty! It is a word of easy virtue, that has been prostituted to the most opposite characters and transactions. From the field of Pavia, where France suffered one of the worst reverses in her annals, the defeated king writes to his mother, "All is lost, except *honor*." At a later day, the renowned French cook, Vatel, in a paroxysm of grief and mortification at the failure of two dishes for the table, exclaims, "I have lost my *honor!*" and stabs himself to the heart.[1] Montesquieu, whose writings are constellations of epigrams, calls honor a prejudice only, which he places in direct contrast with virtue, — the former being the animating principle of monarchy, and the latter the animating principle of a republic; but he reveals the inferiority of honor, as a principle, when he adds, that, in a well-governed monarchy, almost everybody is a good

[1] The death of the culinary martyr is described by Madame de Sévigné with the accustomed coldness and brilliancy of her fashionable pen (Lettres L. and LI., Tom. I. pp. 164, 165). It was attributed, she says, *to the high sense of honor he had after his own way*. Tributes multiply. A French vaudeville associates his name with that of this brilliant writer, saying, "Madame de Sévigné and Vatel are the people who *honored* the age of Louis XIV." The *Almanach des Gourmands*, in the Epistle Dedicatory of its concluding volume, addresses the venerable shade of the heroic cook: "You have proved that the *fanaticism of honor* can exist in the kitchen as well as the camp." Berchoux commemorates the dying exclamation in *La Gastronomie*, Chant III.: —

"*Je suis perdu d'honneur*, deux rôtis ont manqué."

citizen, while it is rare to meet a really good man.[1] The man of honor is not the man of virtue. By an instinct pointing to the truth, we do not apply this term to the high columnar qualities which sustain and decorate life, — parental affection, justice, benevolence, the attributes of God. He would seem to borrow a feebler phrase, showing a slight appreciation of the distinctive character to whom reverence is accorded, who should speak of father, mother, judge, angel, or finally of God, as *persons of honor*. In such sacred connections, we feel, beyond the force of any argument, the mundane character of the sentiment which plays such a part in history and even in common life.

The rule of honor is founded in the imagined necessity of resenting by force a supposed injury, whether of word or act.[2] Admit the injury received, seeming to sully the character; is it wiped away by any force, and descent to the brutal level of its author? "Could I wipe your blood from my conscience as easily as this insult from my face," said a Marshal of France, greater on this occasion than on any field of fame, "I would lay you dead at my feet." Plato, reporting the angelic wisdom of Socrates, declares, in one of those beautiful dialogues shining with stellar light across the ages,

[1] Esprit des Lois, Liv. III. ch. 3 – 7.

[2] This is well exposed in a comedy of Molière.

"*Don Pedre.* Souhaitez-vous quelque chose de moi?

"*Hali.* Oui, un conseil sur *un fait d'honneur*. Je sais qu'en ces matières il est mal-aisé de trouver un cavalier plus consommé que vous. . . . .

"Seigneur, *j'ai reçu un soufflet*. Vous savez ce qu'est un soufflet, lorsqu'il se donne à main ouverte sur le beau milieu de la joue. *J'ai ce soufflet fort sur le cœur; et je suis dans l'incertitude, si, pour me venger de l'affront, je dois me battre avec mon homme, ou bien le faire assassiner.*

"*Don Pedre.* Assassiner, c'est le plus sûr et le plus court chemin."

Le Sicilien, Sc. XIII.

that *to do a wrong is more shameful than to receive a wrong.*[1] And this benign sentiment commends itself alike to the Christian, who is bid to render good for evil, and to the enlightened soul of man. But who confessing its truth will resort to force on any point of *honor?*

In ancient Athens, as in unchristianized Christian lands, there were sophists who urged that *to suffer* was unbecoming a man, and would draw down incalculable evil. The following passage, which I translate with scrupulous literalness, will show the manner in which the moral cowardice of these persons of little faith was rebuked by him whom the gods of Greece pronounced Wisest of Men.

"These things being so, let us inquire what it is you reproach me with: whether it is well said, or not, that I, forsooth, am not able to assist either myself or any of my friends or my relations, or to save myself from the greatest dangers, but that, like the infamous, I am at the mercy of any one who may choose to smite me on the face (for this was your juvenile expression), or take away my property, or drive me out of the city, or (the extreme case) kill me, and that to be so situated is, as you say, the most shameful of all things. But my view is, — a view many times expressed already, but there is no objection to its being stated again, — *my view, I say, is, O Callicles, that to be struck on the face unjustly is not most shameful, nor to have my body mutilated, nor my purse cut; but that to strike and cut me and mine unjustly is more shameful and worse — and stealing, too,*

[1] This proposition is enforced by Socrates, with unanswerable reasoning and illustration, throughout the *Gorgias*, which Cicero read diligently while studying at Athens (De Oratore, I. 11).

and enslaving, and housebreaking, and, in general, doing any wrong whatever to me and mine, is more shameful and worse — for him who does the wrong than for me who suffer it. These things, which thus appeared to us in the former part of this discussion, are secured and bound (even if the expression be somewhat rustical) with iron and adamantine arguments, as indeed they would seem to be; and unless you, or some one stronger than you, can break them, it is impossible for any one, saying otherwise than as I now say, to speak correctly: since, for my part, *I always have the same thing to say, — that I know not how these things are, but that, of all whom I have ever discoursed with as now, no one is able to say otherwise without being ridiculous.*" [1]

Such is the wisdom of Socrates, as reported by Plato; and it has found beautiful expression in the verse of an English poet, who says, —

> "Dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
> Just estimation prized above all price,
> *I had much rather be myself the slave*
> *And wear the bonds than fasten them on him.*" [2]

The modern *point of honor* did not obtain a place in warlike antiquity. Themistocles at Salamis, when threatened with a blow, did not send a cartel to the Spartan commander. "Strike, but hear," was the response of that firm nature, which felt that true honor is gained only in the performance of duty. It was in the depths of modern barbarism, in the age of chivalry, that this sentiment shot up into wildest and rankest fancies. Not a step was taken without it. No act without reference to the "bewitching duel." And every stage in the combat, from the ceremonial at its

[1] Gorgias, Cap. LXIV.

[2] Cowper, The Task, Book II. vv. 33 - 36.

beginning to its deadly close, was measured by this fantastic law. Nobody forgets *As You Like It*, with its humorous picture of a quarrel in progress to a duel, through the seven degrees of Touchstone. Nothing more ridiculous, as nothing can be more disgusting, than the degradation in which this whole fantasy of honor had its origin, as fully appears from an authentic incident in the life of its most brilliant representative. The Chevalier Bayard, cynosure of chivalry, the good knight without fear and without reproach, battling with the Spaniard Señor Don Alonso de Soto Mayor, succeeded by a feint in striking him such a blow, that the weapon, despite the gorget, penetrated the throat four fingers deep. The wounded Spaniard grappled with his antagonist until they both rolled on the ground, when Bayard, drawing his dagger, and thrusting the point directly into the nostrils of his foe, exclaimed, "Señor Don Alonso, surrender, or you are a dead man!" — a speech which appeared superfluous, as the second of the Spaniard cried out, "Señor Bayard, he is dead already; you have conquered." The French knight "would gladly have given a hundred thousand crowns, if he had had them, to have vanquished him alive," says the Chronicle; but now falling upon his knees, he kissed the earth three times, then rose and drew his dead enemy from the field, saying to the second, "Señor Don Diego, have I done enough?" To which the other piteously replied, "Too much, Señor Bayard, for the *honor* of Spain!" when the latter very generously presented him with the corpse, it being his right, by the Law of Honor, to dispose of it as he thought proper: an act highly commended by the chivalrous Brantôme, who thinks it difficult to say which did most *honor* to the faultless knight, — not

dragging the dead body by a leg ignominiously from the field, like the carcass of a dog, or condescending to fight while suffering under an ague![1]

In such a transaction, conferring honor upon the brightest son of chivalry, we learn the real character of an age whose departure has been lamented with such touching, but inappropriate eloquence. Thank God! the age of chivalry is gone; but it cannot be allowed to prolong its fanaticism of honor into our day. This must remain with the lances, swords, and daggers by which it was guarded, or appear, if it insists, only with its inseparable American companions, bowie-knife, pistol, and rifle.

A true standard of conduct is found only in the highest civilization, with those two inspirations, justice and benevolence, — never in any barbarism, though affecting the semblance of sensibility and refinement. But this standard, while governing the relations of the individual, must be recognized by nations also. Alas! alas! how long? We still wait that happy day, now beginning to dawn, harbinger of infinite happiness beyond, when nations, like men, shall confess that it is better to receive a wrong than do a wrong.

5. There is still another influence stimulating War, and interfering with the natural attractions of Peace: I refer to a selfish and exaggerated *prejudice of country*, leading to physical aggrandizement and political exaltation at the expense of other countries, and in disre-

[1] La Tresjoyeuse, Plaisante et Recreative Hystoire, composée par le Loyal Serviteur, des Faiz, Gestes, Triumphes et Prouesses du Bon Chevalier sans Paour et sans Reprouche, le Gentil Seigneur de Bayart, Chap. XXII.: Petitot, Collection Complète des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France, Tom. XV. pp. 238–244. Brantôme, Discours sur les Duels: Œuvres, Tom. VIII. pp. 34, 35.

gard of justice. Nursed by the literature of antiquity, we imbibe the sentiment of heathen patriotism. Exclusive love for the land of birth belonged to the religion of Greece and Rome. This sentiment was material as well as exclusive. The Oracle directed the returning Roman to kiss his mother, and he kissed Mother Earth. Agamemnon, according to Æschylus, on regaining his home, after perilous separation for more than ten years at the siege of Troy, before addressing family, friend, or countryman, salutes Argos :—

"By your leave, lords, first Argos I salute."

The schoolboy does not forget the victim of Verres, with the memorable cry which was to stay the descending fasces of the lictor, "I am a Roman citizen,"—nor those other words echoing through the dark Past, "How sweet and becoming to die for country!" Of little avail the nobler cry, "I am a man," or the Christian ejaculation, swelling the soul, "How sweet and becoming to die for duty!" The beautiful genius of Cicero, instinct at times with truth almost divine, did not ascend to that heaven where it is taught that all mankind are neighbors and kindred. To the love of universal man may be applied those words by which the great Roman elevated his selfish patriotism to virtue, when he said that *country alone embraced all the charities of all.*[1] Attach this admired phrase to the single idea of country, and you see how contracted are its charities, compared with that world-wide circle where our neighbor is the suffering

[1] "Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, propinqui, familiares ; sed *omnes omnium caritates patria una complexa est.*" (De Offic., Lib. I. cap. 17.) It is curious to observe how Cicero puts aside that expression of true humanity which fell from Terence, "*Humani nihil a me alienum puto.*" He says, "*Est enim difficilis cura rerum alienarum.*" Ibid., Lib. I. cap. 9.

man, though at the farthest pole. Such a sentiment would dry up those precious fountains now diffusing themselves in distant unenlightened lands, from the icy mountains of Greenland to the coral islands of the Pacific Sea.

It is the policy of rulers to encourage this exclusive patriotism, and here they are aided by the examples of antiquity. I do not know that any one nation is permitted to reproach another with this selfishness. All are selfish. Men are taught to live, not for mankind, but only for a small portion of mankind. The pride, vanity, ambition, brutality even, which all rebuke in the individual, are accounted virtues, if displayed in the name of country. Among us the sentiment is active, while it derives new force from the point with which it has been expressed. An officer of our navy, one of the heroes nurtured by War, whose name has been praised in churches, going beyond all Greek, all Roman example, exclaimed, "Our country, *right or wrong*," — a sentiment dethroning God and enthroning the Devil, whose flagitious character must be rebuked by every honest heart. How different was virtuous Andrew Fletcher, whose heroical uprightness, amidst the trials of his time, has become immortal in the saying, that he "would readily lose his life to *serve* his country, but would not do a base thing to *save* it."[1] Better words, or more truly patriotic, were never uttered. "Our country, our whole country, and *nothing but our country*," are other delusive sounds, which, first falling from the lips of an eminent American orator, are often painted on banners, and echoed by innumerable multitudes. Cold and dreary, narrow and selfish would be

[1] Character, prefixed to Political Works, p. viii.

this life, if *nothing but our country* occupied the soul, — if the thoughts that wander through eternity, if the infinite affections of our nature, were restrained to that place where we find ourselves by the accident of birth.

By a natural sentiment we incline to the spot where we were born, to the fields that witnessed the sports of childhood, to the seat of youthful studies, and to the institutions under which we have been trained. The finger of God writes all these things indelibly upon the heart of man, so that even in death he reverts with fondness to early associations, and longs for a draught of cold water from the bucket in his father's well. This sentiment is independent of reflection: for it begins before reflection, grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength. It is the same in all countries having the same degree of enlightenment, differing only according to enlightenment, under whose genial influence it softens and refines. It is the strongest with those least enlightened. The wretched Hottentot never travels away from his melting sun; the wretched Esquimau never travels away from his freezing cold; nor does either know or care for other lands. This is his patriotism. The same instinct belongs to animals. There is no beast not instinctively a patriot, cherishing his own country with all its traditions, which he guards instinctively against all comers. Thus again, in considering the origin of War, do we encounter the animal in man. But as human nature is elevated, as the animal is subdued, that patriotism which is without reason shares the generous change and gradually loses its barbarous egotism. To the enlarged vision a new world is disclosed, and we begin to discern the distant mountain-peaks, all gilded by the beams of morning, reveal-

ing that God has not placed us alone on this earth, but that others, equally with ourselves, are children of his care.

The curious spirit goes further, and, while recognizing an inborn attachment to the place of birth, searches into the nature of the allegiance required. According to the old idea, still too prevalent, man is made for the State, not the State for man. Far otherwise is the truth. The State is an artificial body, for the security of the people. How constantly do we find in human history that the people are sacrificed for the State, — to build the Roman name, to secure for England the trident of the sea, to carry abroad the conquering eagles of France! This is to barter the greater for the less, — to sacrifice humanity, embracing more even than country *all the charities of all*, for the sake of a mistaken grandeur.

Not that I love country less, but Humanity more, do I now and here plead the cause of a higher and truer patriotism. I cannot forget that we are men by a more sacred bond than we are citizens, — that we are children of a common Father more than we are Americans.

Thus do seeming diversities of nations — separated by accident of language, mountain, river, or sea — all disappear, and the multitudinous tribes of the globe stand forth as members of one vast Human Family, where strife is treason to Heaven, and all war is nothing else than *civil* war. In vain restrict this odious term, importing so much of horror, to the dissensions of a single community. It belongs also to feuds between nations. The soul trembles aghast in the contemplation of fields drenched with fraternal gore, where the happiness of homes is shivered by neighbors, and kinsman sinks beneath the steel nerved by a kinsman's

hand. This is civil war, accursed forever in the calendar of Time. In the faithful record of the future, recognizing the True Grandeur of Nations, the Muse of History, inspired by a loftier justice and touched to finer sensibilities, will extend to Universal Man the sympathy now confined to country, and no war will be waged without arousing everlasting judgment.

6. I might here pause, feeling that those who have accompanied me to this stage will be ready to join in condemnation of War, and to hail Peace as the only condition becoming the dignity of human nature, while it opens vistas of all kinds abundant with the most fruitful promises. But there is one other consideration, yielding to none in importance, — perhaps more important than all, being at once cause and effect, — the cause of strong prejudice in favor of War, and the effect of this prejudice. I refer to *Preparations for War* in time of Peace. Here is an immense practical evil, requiring remedy. In exposing its character too much care cannot be taken.

I shall not dwell upon the fearful cost of War itself. That is present in the mountainous accumulations of debt, piled like Ossa upon Pelion, with which civilization is pressed to earth. According to the most recent tables, the public debt of European nations, so far as known, amounts to the terrific sum of $7,777,521,840, — all the growth of War! It is said that there are throughout these nations 17,000,000 paupers, or persons subsisting at the public expense, without contributing to its resources. If these millions of public debt, forming only a part of what has been wasted in War, could

be apportioned among these poor, it would give to each $450, — a sum placing all above want, and about equal to the average wealth of an inhabitant of Massachusetts.

The public debt of Great Britain in 1842 reached to $3,827,833,102, the growth of War since 1688. This amount is equal to two thirds of all the harvest of gold and silver yielded by Spanish America, including Mexico and Peru, from the discovery of our hemisphere by Christopher Columbus to the beginning of the present century, as calculated by Humboldt.[1] It is much larger than the mass of all the precious metals constituting at this moment the circulating medium of the world. Sometimes it is rashly said, by those who have given little attention to the subject, that all this expenditure has been widely distributed, and therefore beneficial to the people; but this apology forgets that it has not been bestowed on any productive industry or useful object. The magnitude of this waste appears by contrast. For instance, the aggregate capital of all the joint-stock companies in England of which there was any known record in 1842, embracing canals, docks, bridges, insurance, banks, gaslights, water, mines, railways, and other miscellaneous objects, was about $800,000,000, — all devoted to the welfare of the people, but how much less in amount than the War Debt! For the six years preceding 1842, the average payment for interest on this debt was $141,645,157 annually. If we add to this sum the further annual outlay of $66,780,817 for the army, navy, and ordnance, we shall have $208,425,974 as the annual tax of the English people, to pay for for-

[1] New Spain, Vol. III. p. 431.

mer wars and prepare for new. During this same period, an annual appropriation of $24,858,442 was sufficient for the entire civil service. Thus War consumed ninety cents of every dollar pressed by heavy taxation from the English people. What fabulous monster, what chimæra dire, ever raged with a maw so ravenous? The remaining ten cents sufficed to maintain the splendor of the throne, the administration of justice, and diplomatic relations with foreign powers, — in short, all the more legitimate objects of a nation.[1]

Thus much for the general cost of War. Let us now look exclusively at the *Preparations for War in time of Peace.* It is one of the miseries of War, that even in Peace its evils continue to be felt beyond any other by which suffering humanity is oppressed. If Bellona withdraws from the field, we only lose sight of her flaming torches; the baying of her dogs is heard on the mountains, and civilized man thinks to find protection from their sudden fury only by inclosing himself in the barbarous armor of battle. At this moment, the Christian nations, worshipping a symbol of common brotherhood, occupy intrenched camps, with armed watch, to prevent surprise from each other. Recognizing War as Arbiter of Justice, they hold themselves perpetually ready for the bloody umpirage.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to arrive at any exact estimate of these Preparations, ranging under four different heads, — Standing Army, Navy, Fortifications, and Militia, or irregular troops.

[1] Here and in subsequent pages I have relied upon the Encyclopædia Britannica, the Annual Register, McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary, Laurie's Universal Geography, founded on the works of Malte-Brun and Balbi, and the calculations of Hon. William Jay, in War and Peace, p. 16, and in his Address before the Peace Society, pp. 28, 29.

The number of soldiers now affecting to keep the peace of European Christendom, as a *Standing Army*, without counting the Navy, is upwards of two millions: some estimates place it as high as three millions. The army of Great Britain, including the forces in India, exceeds 300,000 men; that of France, 350,000; that of Russia, 730,000, and is reckoned by some as high as 1,000,000; that of Austria, 275,000; that of Prussia, 150,000. Taking the smaller number, and supposing these two millions to require for their support an average annual sum of only $150 each, the result would be $300,000,000 for sustenance alone; and reckoning one officer to ten soldiers, and allowing to each of the latter an English shilling a day, or $88.33 a year, for wages, and to the former an average annual salary of $500, we have for the pay of the whole no less than $258,994,000, or an appalling sum-total, for both sustenance and pay, of $558,994,000 a year. If the same calculation be made, supposing the force three millions, the sum-total will be $838,491,000! But to this enormous sum must be added another still more enormous, on account of loss sustained by the withdrawal of these hardy, healthy millions, in the bloom of life, from useful, productive labor. It is supposed that it costs an average sum of $500 to rear a soldier, and that the value of his labor, if devoted to useful objects, would be $150 a year. Therefore, in setting apart two millions of men as soldiers, the Christian powers sustain a loss of $1,000,000,000 on account of training, and $300,000,000 on account of labor, in addition to the millions annually expended for sustenance and pay. So much for the Standing Army of Christian Europe in time of Peace.

Glance now at the *Navy*. The Royal Navy of Great Britain consists at present of 557 ships; but deducting such as are used for convict ships, floating chapels, and coal depots, the efficient Navy comprises 88 ships of the line, 109 frigates, 190 small frigates, corvettes, brigs, and cutters, including packets, 65 steamers of various sizes, 3 troop-ships and yachts: in all, 455 ships. Of these, in 1839, 190 were in commission, carrying in all 4,202 guns, with crews numbering 34,465 men. The Navy of France, though not comparable with that of England, is of vast force. By royal ordinance of 1st January, 1837, it was fixed in time of peace at 40 ships of the line, 50 frigates, 40 steamers, and 19 smaller vessels, with crews numbering, in 1839, 20,317 men. The Russian Navy is composed of two large fleets, — one in the Gulf of Finland, and the other in the Black Sea; but the exact amount of their force is a subject of dispute among naval men and publicists. Some idea of the Navy may be derived from the number of hands. The crews of the Baltic amounted, in 1837, to not less than 30,800 men, and those of the Black Sea to 19,800, or altogether 50,600, — being nearly equal to those of England and France combined. The Austrian Navy comprised, in 1837, 8 ships of the line, 8 frigates, 4 sloops, 6 brigs, 7 schooners or galleys, and smaller vessels: the number of men in its service, in 1839, was 4,547. The Navy of Denmark comprised, at the close of 1837, 7 ships of the line, 7 frigates, 5 sloops, 6 brigs, 3 schooners, 5 cutters, 58 gunboats, 6 gun-rafts, and 3 bomb-vessels, requiring about 6,500 men. The Navy of Sweden and Norway consisted recently of 238 gunboats, 11 ships of the line, 8 frigates, 4 corvettes, and 6 brigs, with several smaller vessels. The Navy of

Greece has 32 ships of war, carrying 190 guns, with 2,400 men. The Navy of Holland, in 1839, had 8 ships of the line, 21 frigates, 15 corvettes, 21 brigs, and 95 gunboats. Of the untold cost absorbed in these mighty Preparations it is impossible to form an accurate idea. But we may lament that means so gigantic are applied by Christian Europe, in time of Peace, to the construction and maintenance of such superfluous wooden walls.

In the *Fortifications and Arsenals* of Europe, crowning every height, commanding every valley, frowning over every plain and every sea, wealth beyond calculation has been sunk. Who can tell the immense sums expended in hollowing out the living rock of Gibraltar? Who can calculate the cost of all the Preparations at Woolwich, its 27,000 cannon, and its small arms counted by hundreds of thousands? France alone contains more than one hundred and twenty fortified places; and it is supposed that the yet unfinished fortifications of Paris have cost upward of *fifty millions of dollars.*

The cost of the *Militia,* or irregular troops, the Yeomanry of England, the National Guard of Paris, and the *Landwehr* and *Landsturm* of Prussia, must add other incalculable sums to these enormous amounts.

Turn now to the United States, separated by a broad ocean from immediate contact with the Great Powers of Christendom, bound by treaties of amity and commerce with all the nations of the earth, connected with all by strong ties of mutual interest, and professing a devotion to the principles of Peace. Are Treaties of Amity mere words? Are relations of Commerce and mutual interest mere things of a day? Are professions

of Peace vain? Else why not repose in quiet, unvexed by Preparations for War?

Colossal as are European expenditures for these purposes, they are still greater among us in proportion to other expenses of the National Government.

It appears that the average *annual* expenses of the National Government, for the six years ending 1840, exclusive of payments on account of debt, were $ 26,474,892. Of this sum, the average appropriation each year for military and naval purposes amounted to $ 21,328,903, being eighty per cent. Yes, — of all the annual appropriations by the National Government, eighty cents in every dollar were applied in this unproductive manner. The remaining twenty cents sufficed to maintain the Government in all its branches, Executive, Legislative, and Judicial, — the administration of justice, our relations with foreign nations, the post-office, and all the lighthouses, which, in happy, useful contrast with the forts, shed their cheerful signals over the rough waves beating upon our long and indented coast, from the Bay of Fundy to the mouth of the Mississippi. The relative expenditures of nations for Military Preparations in time of Peace, exclusive of payments on account of debts, when accurately understood, must surprise the advocates of economy in our country. In proportion to the whole expenditure of Government, they are, in Austria, as 33 per cent; in France, as 38 per cent; in Prussia, as 44 per cent; in Great Britain, as 74 per cent; in the UNITED STATES, as 80 per cent![1]

[1] I have verified these results, but do little more than follow Judge Jay, who has illustrated this important point with his accustomed accuracy. — *Address before the American Peace Society*, p. 30.

To this stupendous waste may be added the still larger and equally superfluous expenses of the Militia throughout the country, placed recently by a candid and able writer at $50,000,000 a year![1]

By a table of the National expenditures,[2] exclusive of payments on account of the Public Debt, it appears, that, *in fifty-four years from the formation of our present Government*, that is, from 1789 down to 1843, $155,282,217 were expended for civil purposes, comprehending the executive, the legislative, the judiciary, the post-office, light-houses, and intercourse with foreign governments. During this same period, $370,981,521 were devoted to the Military establishment, and $169,707,214 to the Naval establishment, — the two forming an aggregate of $540,688,735. Deducting from this amount appropriations during three years of War, and we find that more than *four hundred and sixty millions* were absorbed by vain Preparations for War in time of Peace. Add to this amount a moderate sum for the expenses of the Militia during the same period, which, as we have seen, are placed at $50,000,000 a year, — for the past years we may take an average of $25,000,000, — and we have the enormous sum-total of $1,350,000,000 piled upon the $460,000,000, the whole amounting to *eighteen hundred and ten millions* of dollars, a sum not easily conceived by the human faculties, sunk, under the sanction of the National Government, in mere *peaceful Preparations for War:* almost *twelve times* as much as was dedicated by the National Government, during the same period, to all other purposes whatsoever.

[1] Jay, War and Peace, p. 13.

[2] Executive Document No. 15, Twenty-Eighth Congress, First Session, pp. 1018 - 19.

From this serried array of figures the mind instinctively recoils. If we examine them from a nearer point of view, and, selecting some particular item, compare it with the figures representing other interests in the community, they will present a front still more dread.

Within cannon-range of this city stands an institution of learning which was one of the earliest cares of our forefathers, the conscientious Puritans. Favored child in an age of trial and struggle, — carefully nursed through a period of hardship and anxiety, — endowed at that time by the oblations of men like Harvard, — sustained from its first foundation by the parental arm of the Commonwealth, by a constant succession of munificent bequests, and by the prayers of good men, — the University at Cambridge now invites our homage, as the most ancient, most interesting, and most important seat of learning in the land, — possessing the oldest and most valuable library, — one of the largest museums of mineralogy and natural history, — with a School of Law which annually receives into its bosom more than one hundred and fifty sons from all parts of the Union, where they listen to instruction from professors whose names are among the most valuable possessions of the land, — also a School of Divinity, fount of true learning and piety, — also one of the largest and most flourishing Schools of Medicine in the country, — and besides these, a general body of teachers, twenty-seven in number, many of whose names help to keep the name of the country respectable in every part of the globe, where science, learning, and taste are cherished, — the whole presided over at this moment by a gentleman early distinguished in public life by unconquerable energy and masculine eloquence, at a later period by

the unsurpassed ability with which he administered the affairs of our city, and now, in a green old age, full of years and honors, preparing to lay down his present high trust.[1] Such is Harvard University; and as one of the humblest of her children, happy in the memories of a youth nurtured in her classic retreats, I cannot allude to her without an expression of filial affection and respect.

It appears from the last Report of the Treasurer, that the whole available property of the University, the various accumulation of more than two centuries of generosity, amounts to $703,175.

Change the scene, and cast your eyes upon another object. There now swings idly at her moorings in this harbor a ship of the line, the Ohio, carrying ninety guns, finished as late as 1836 at an expense of $547,888, — repaired only two years afterwards, in 1838, for $233,012, — with an armament which has cost $53,945, — making an aggregate of $834,845, as the actual outlay at this moment for that single ship,[2] — more than $100,000 beyond all the available wealth of the richest and most ancient seat of learning in the land! Choose ye, my fellow-citizens of a Christian state, between the two caskets, — that wherein is the loveliness of truth, or that which contains the carrion death.

I refer to the Ohio because this ship happens to be in our waters; but I do not take the strongest case afforded by our Navy. Other ships have absorbed larger sums. The expense of the Delaware, in 1842, had reached $1,051,000.

[1] Hon. Josiah Quincy.

[2] Executive Document No. 132, Twenty-Seventh Congress, Third Session.

Pursue the comparison still further. The expenditures of the University during the last year, for the general purposes of the College, the instruction of the Undergraduates, and for the Schools of Law and Divinity, amounted to $47,935. The cost of the Ohio for one year of service, in salaries, wages, and provisions, is $220,000, — being $172,000 above the annual expenditures of the University, and more than *four times* as much as those expenditures. In other words, for the annual sum lavished on a single ship of the line, *four* institutions like Harvard University might be supported.

Furthermore, the pay of the Captain of a ship like the Ohio is $4,500, when in service, — $3,500, when on leave of absence, or off duty. The salary of the President of Harvard University is $2,235, without leave of absence, and never off duty.

If the large endowments of Harvard University are dwarfed by comparison with a single ship of the line, how must it be with other institutions of learning and beneficence, less favored by the bounty of many generations? The average cost of a sloop of war is $315,000, — more, probably, than all the endowments of those twin stars of learning in the Western part of Massachusetts, the Colleges at Williamstown and Amherst, and of that single star in the East, the guide to many ingenuous youth, the Seminary at Andover. The yearly expense of a sloop of war in service is about $50,000, — more than the annual expenditures of these three institutions combined.

I might press the comparison with other institutions of beneficence, — with our annual appropriations for the Blind, that noble and successful charity which

sheds true lustre upon the Commonwealth, amounting to $12,000, and for the Insane, another charity dear to humanity, amounting to $27,844.

Take all the institutions of Learning and Beneficence, the crown jewels of the Commonwealth, schools, colleges, hospitals, asylums, and the sums by which they have been purchased and preserved are trivial and beggarly, compared with the treasures squandered within the borders of Massachusetts in vain Preparations for War, — upon the Navy Yard at Charlestown, with its stores on hand, costing $4,741,000, — the fortifications in the harbors of Massachusetts, where untold sums are already sunk, and it is now proposed to sink $3,875,000 more,[1] — and the Arsenal at Springfield, containing, in 1842, 175,118 muskets, valued at $2,099,998,[2] and maintained by an annual appropriation of $200,000, whose highest value will ever be, in the judgment of all lovers of truth, that it inspired a poem which in influence will be mightier than a battle, and will endure when arsenals and fortifications have crumbled to earth. Some of the verses of this Psalm of Peace may relieve the detail of statistics, while they happily blend with my argument.

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

"The warrior's name would be a name abhorred,
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain." [3]

[1] Report of Secretary of War, Senate Document No. 2, Twenty-Seventh Congress, Second Session, — where we are asked to invest in a general system of land defences $51,677,929.

[2] Executive Document No. 3, Twenty-Seventh Congress, Third Session.

[3] Longfellow, The Arsenal at Springfield.

Turn now to a high and peculiar interest of the nation, the administration of justice. Perhaps no part of our system is regarded with more pride and confidence, especially by the enlightened sense of the country. To this, indeed, all other concerns of Government, with all its complications of machinery, are in a manner subordinate, since it is for the sake of justice that men come together in communities and establish laws. What part of the Government can compare in importance with the National Judiciary, that great balance-wheel of the Constitution, controlling the relations of the several States to each other, the legislation of Congress and of the States, besides private interests to an incalculable amount? Nor can the citizen who discerns the true glory of his country fail to recognize in the immortal judgments of MARSHALL, now departed, and of STORY, who is still spared to us — *serus in cœlum redeat!* — a higher claim to admiration and gratitude than can be found in any triumph of battle. The expenses of this great department under the National Government, in 1842, embracing the cost of court-houses, the salaries of judges, the pay of juries, and of all the law officers throughout the United States, in short, all the outlay by which justice, according to the requirement of Magna Charta, is carried to every man's door, amounted to $560,990, — a larger sum than is usually appropriated for this purpose, but how insignificant compared with the cormorant demands of Army and Navy!

Let me allude to one more curiosity of waste. By a calculation founded on the expenses of the Navy it appears that the average cost of each gun carried over the ocean for one year amounts to about fifteen thou-

sand dollars, — a sum sufficient to maintain ten or even twenty professors of Colleges, and equal to the salaries of all the Judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts and the Governor combined!

Such are illustrations of that tax which nations constituting the great Federation of Civilization, including our own country, impose on the people, in time of profound peace, for no permanent productive work, for no institution of learning, for no gentle charity, for no purpose of good. Wearily climbing from expenditure to expenditure, from waste to waste, we seem to pass beyond the region of ordinary measurement; Alps on Alps arise, on whose crowning heights of everlasting cold, far above the habitations of man, where no green thing lives, where no creature draws breath, we behold the sharp, icy, flashing glacier of War.

In the contemplation of this spectacle the soul swells with alternate despair and hope: with despair, at the thought of such wealth, capable of such service to Humanity, not merely wasted, but bestowed to perpetuate Hate; with hope, as the blessed vision arises of all these incalculable means secured to purposes of Peace. The whole world labors with poverty and distress; and the painful question occurs in Europe more than here, What shall become of the poor, — the increasing Standing Army of the poor? Could the voice that now addresses you penetrate those distant councils, or councils nearer home, it would say, Disband your Standing Armies of soldiers, employ your Navies in peaceful and enriching commerce, abandon Fortifications and Arsenals, or dedicate them to works of Beneficence, as the statue of Jupiter Capitolinus was changed to the image

of a Christian saint; in fine, utterly renounce the present incongruous system of *Armed Peace.*

That I may not seem to accept this conclusion too hastily, at least as regards our own country, I shall consider the asserted usefulness of the national armaments, — and then expose the fallacy, at least in the present age and among Christian nations, of the maxim, that in time of Peace we must prepare for War.

For what use is the Standing Army of the United States? For many generations it has been a principle of freedom to avoid a standing army; and one of the complaints in the Declaration of Independence was, that George the Third had quartered large bodies of troops in the Colonies. For the first years after the adoption of the National Constitution, during our period of weakness, before our power was assured, before our name had become respected in the family of nations, under the administration of Washington, a small sum was ample for the military establishment of the United States. It was at a later day that the country, touched by martial insanity, abandoned the true economy of a Republic, and, in imitation of monarchical powers, lavished means, grudged to Peace, in vain preparation for War. It may now be said of our Army, as Dunning said of the influence of the Crown, it has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. At this moment there are in the country more than sixty military posts. For any of these it would be difficult to present a reasonable apology, — unless, perhaps, on some distant Indian frontier. Of what use is the detachment of the Second Artillery at the quiet town of New London, in Connecticut? Of what use is the detach-

ment of the First Artillery in that pleasant resort of fashion, Newport? By exhilarating music and showy parade they may amuse an idle hour; but is it not equally true that emotions of a different character will be aroused in thoughtful bosoms? He must have lost something of sensibility to the dignity of human nature who can observe, without at least a passing regret, all the details of discipline — drill, marching, countermarching — which fill the life of the soldier, and prepare him to become the rude, inanimate part of that *machine* to which an army is likened by the great living master of the Art of War.[1] And this sensibility may be more disturbed by the spectacle of ingenuous youth, in chosen numbers, under the auspices of the Government, amidst the bewitching scenery of West Point, painfully trained to these same exercises, — at a cost to the country, since the establishment of this Academy, of above four millions of dollars.

In Europe, Standing Armies are supposed to be needed in support of Government; but this excuse cannot prevail here. The monarchs of the Old World, like the chiefs of the ancient German tribes, are upborne on the shields of the soldiery. Happily, with us, Government needs no janizaries. The hearts of the people are a sufficient support.

I hear a voice from some defender of this abuse, some upholder of this "rotten borough," crying, The Army is needed for defence! As well might you say that the shadow is needed for defence. For what is the Army of the United States, but the feeble shadow of the American people? *In placing the Army on its present footing, so small in numbers, compared with the forces of great*

[1] The Duke of Wellington.

European States, our Government tacitly admits its superfluousness for defence. It only remains to declare that the country will repose in the consciousness of right, without the extravagance of soldiers, unproductive consumers of the fruits of the earth, who might do the country good service in the various departments of useful industry.

For what use is the Navy of the United States? The annual expense of our Navy, during recent years, has been upwards of six millions of dollars. For what purpose? Not for the apprehension of pirates, since frigates and ships of the line are of too great bulk for this service. Not for the suppression of the Slave Trade; for, under the stipulations with Great Britain, we employ only eighty guns in this holy alliance. Not to protect our coasts; for all agree that our few ships would form an unavailing defence against any serious attack. Not for these purposes, you admit; *but for the protection of our Navigation.* This is not the occasion for minute estimates. Suffice it to say, that an intelligent merchant, extensively engaged in commerce for the last twenty years, and who speaks, therefore, with the authority of knowledge, has demonstrated, in a tract of perfect clearness,[1] that the annual profits of the whole mercantile marine of the country do not equal the annual expenditure of our Navy. Admitting the profit of a merchant ship to be four thousand dollars a year, which is a large allowance, it will take the earnings of one hundred ships to build and employ for one year a single sloop of war, of one hundred and fifty ships to build and employ a frigate, and of nearly three hundred

[1] I refer to the pamphlet of S. E. Coues, "United States Navy: What is its Use?"

ships to build and employ a ship of the line. Thus more than five hundred ships must do a profitable business to earn a sufficient sum for the support of this little fleet. Still further, taking a received estimate putting the mercantile marine of the United States at forty millions of dollars, we find that it is only a little more than six times the annual cost of the Navy; so that this interest is protected at a charge of more than *fifteen per cent* of its whole value! Protection at such price is not less ruinous than one of Pyrrhus's victories.

It is to the Navy as an unnecessary arm of national defence, and part of the War establishment, that I confine my objection. So far as it is required for science, or for the *police* of the seas, — to scour them of pirates, and, above all, to defeat the hateful traffic in human flesh, — it is a fit engine of Government, and cannot be obnoxious as a portion of the machinery of War. But, surely, a most costly navy to protect navigation in time of Peace against assaults from civilized nations is absurdly superfluous. The free cities of Hamburg and Bremen, survivors of the powerful Hanseatic League, with a commerce whitening the most distant seas, are without a single ship of war. Following this prudent example, the United States might be willing to abandon an institution already become a vain and expensive toy.

For what use are the Fortifications of the United States? We have already seen the enormous sums locked in the odious mortmain of their everlasting masonry. Like the Pyramids, they seem by mass and solidity to defy Time. Nor can I doubt that hereafter, like these same monuments, they will be looked upon with wonder, as the types of an extinct superstition, not

less degrading than that of Ancient Egypt. Under the pretence of saving the country from conquest and bloodshed they are reared. But whence the danger? On what side? What people to fear? No civilized nation threatens our borders with rapine or trespass. None will. Nor, in the existing state of civilization, and under existing International Law, is it possible to suppose any war with such a nation, unless, renouncing the peaceful Tribunal of Arbitration, we voluntarily appeal to Trial by Battle. The fortifications might be of service then. But perhaps they would invite the attack they might be inadequate to defeat. According to a modern rule, illustrated with admirable ability in the diplomatic correspondence of Mr. Webster, non-combatants and their property on land are not molested. So firmly did the Duke of Wellington act upon this rule, that, throughout the revengeful campaigns of Spain, and afterwards entering France, flushed with the victory of Waterloo, he directed his army to pay for all provisions, even the forage of their horses. War is carried on against *public* property, — against *fortifications, navy-yards, and arsenals.* If these do not exist, where is its aliment, where the fuel for the flame? Paradoxical as it seems, and disparaging to the whole trade of War, it may be proper to inquire, whether, according to acknowledged laws, now governing this bloody arbitrament, every new fortification and every additional gun in our harbor is not less a safeguard than a danger. Do they not draw the lightning of battle upon our homes, without, alas! any conductor to hurry its terrors innocently beneath the concealing bosom of the earth?

For what use is the Militia of the United States?

This immense system spreads, with innumerable suckers, over the whole country, draining its best life-blood, the unbought energies of our youth. The same painful discipline which we observe in the soldier absorbs their time, though to a less degree than in the Regular Army. Theirs also is the savage pomp of War. We read with astonishment of the painted flesh and uncouth vestments of our progenitors, the ancient Britons. But the generation will come, that must regard with equal wonder the pictures of their ancestors closely dressed in padded and well-buttoned coats of blue "besmeared with gold," surmounted by a huge mountain-cap of shaggy bear-skin, and with a barbarous device, typical of brute force, *a tiger*, painted on oil-skin tied with leather to their backs! In the streets of Pisa the galley-slaves are compelled to wear dresses stamped with the name of the crime for which they are suffering punishment, — as theft, robbery, murder. Is it not a little strange that Christians, living in a land "where bells have tolled to church," should voluntarily adopt devices which, if they have any meaning, recognize the example of beasts as worthy of imitation by man?

The general considerations belonging to Preparations for War illustrate the inanity of the Militia for purposes of *national defence*. I do not know, indeed, that it is now strongly urged on this ground. It is oftener approved as an important part of the *police*. I would not undervalue the advantage of an active, efficient, ever-wakeful police; and I believe that such a police has been long required. But the Militia, where youth and character are without the strength of experience, is inadequate for this purpose. No person who has seen this arm of the police in an actual riot can hesitate in

this judgment. A very small portion of the means absorbed by the Militia would provide a substantial police, competent to all the domestic emergencies of disorder and violence. The city of Boston has discarded a Fire Department composed of *accidental volunteers.* Why not do the same with the police, and set another example to the country?

I am well aware that efforts to reduce the Militia are encountered by some of the dearest prejudices of the common mind, — not only by the War Spirit, but by that other, which first animates childhood, and, at a later day, "children of a larger growth," inviting to finery of dress and parade, — the same which fantastically bedecks the dusky feather-cinctured chief of the soft regions warmed by the tropical sun, — which inserts a ring in the nose of the North American Indian, — which slits the ears of the Australian savage, and tattoos the New Zealand cannibal.

Such are the national armaments, in their true character and value. Thus far I have regarded them in the plainest light of ordinary worldly economy, without reference to those higher considerations, drawn from the nature and history of man and the truths of Christianity, which pronounce them vain. It is grateful to know, that, though having yet the support of what Jeremy Taylor calls "popular noises," the other more economical, more humane, more wise, more Christian system is daily commending itself to good people. On its side are all the virtues that truly elevate a state. Economy, sick of pygmy efforts to stanch the smallest fountain and rill of exuberant expenditure, pleads that here is a measureless, fathomless, endless river, an

Amazon of waste, rolling its prodigal waters turbidly, ruinously, hatefully, to the sea. It chides us with unnatural inconsistency, when we strain at a little twine and paper, and swallow the monstrous cables and armaments of War. Humanity pleads for the surpassing interests of Knowledge and Benevolence, from which such mighty means are withdrawn. Wisdom frowns on these Preparations, as nursing sentiments inconsistent with Peace; Christianity calmly rebukes the spirit in which they have their origin, as of little faith, and treacherous to her high behests; while History, exhibiting the sure, though gradual, Progress of Man, points with unerring finger to that destiny of True Grandeur, when nations, like individuals, disowning War as a proper Arbiter of Justice, shall abandon the oppressive apparatus of Armies, Navies, and Fortifications, by which it is waged.

Before considering the familiar injunction, *In time of Peace prepare for War*, I hope I shall not seem to descend from the proper sphere of this discussion, if I refer to the parade of *barbarous mottoes*, and of *emblems from beasts*, as another impediment to the proper appreciation of these Preparations. These mottoes and emblems, prompting to War, are obtruded on the very ensigns of power and honor, and, careless of their discreditable import, men learn to regard them with patriotic pride. In the armorial bearings of nations and individuals, beasts and birds of prey are the exemplars of True Grandeur. The lion appears on the flag of England; the leopard on the flag of Scotland; a double-headed eagle spreads its wings on the imperial standard of Austria, and again on that of Russia; while

a single-headed eagle was adopted on the Napoleonic seal, and thus far the same single-headed bird is enough for Prussia. The pennons of knights, after exhausting the known kingdom of Nature, were disfigured by imaginary and impossible monsters, griffins, hippogriffs, unicorns, all intended to represent the exaggeration of brute force. The people of Massachusetts unconsciously adopt this early standard. The escutcheon used as the seal of the State has an unfortunate combination, to which I refer briefly by way of example. On that part in the language of heraldry termed the *shield* stands an Indian with a bow in his hand, — certainly no agreeable memento, except to those who find honor in the disgraceful wars where our fathers robbed and murdered King Philip of Pokanoket, and his tribe, rightful possessors of the soil. The *crest* is a raised arm *holding a drawn sabre in a threatening attitude*, — being precisely the emblem once borne on the flag of Algiers. The *scroll*, or legend, is the latter of two favorite verses, in modern Latin, which are not traced to any origin more remote than Algernon Sidney, by whom they were inscribed in an album at Copenhagen : —

"Manus hæc inimica tyrannis
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem."[1]

[1] The Earl of Leicester, father of Sidney, in an anxious letter, August 30, 1660, writes his son : "It is said that the University of Copenhagen brought their Album unto you, desiring you to write something therein, and that you did *scribere in Albo* these words [setting forth the verses], and put your name to it"; and then he adds, "This cannot but be publicly known, if it be true. . . . . Either you must live in exile or very privately here, and perhaps not safely." The restoration of Charles the Second had just taken place. (Meadley, Memoirs of Algernon Sidney, pp. 84, 323–325.) Lord Molesworth, in a work which first appeared in 1694, mentions the verses as written by Sidney in "the Book of Mottoes in the King's Library," and then tells the story, that the French Ambassador, who did not know a word of

With singular unanimity, the Legislature of Massachusetts has expressed an earnest desire for the establishment of a High Court of Nations to adjudge international controversies, and thus supersede the Arbitrament of War. It would be an act of moral dignity consistent with these professions, and becoming the character it vaunts before the world, if it abandoned the bellicose escutcheon, — at least, that *Algerine* emblem, fit only for corsairs, if not also the Latin motto with its menace of the sword. If a Latin substitute for the latter be needed, it might be those words of Virgil, "*Pacisque* imponere morem,"[1] or that sentence of noble truth from Cicero, "Sine SUMMA JUSTITIA rempublicam geri nullo modo posse":[2] the first a homage to Peace, and the second a consecration to Justice. Where such a spirit prevailed, there would be little occasion to consider the question of War Preparations.

Massachusetts is not alone in the bellicose anachronism of her banner. The nation is in the same category. Our fathers would have hesitated long before accepting the eagle for the national escutcheon, had they recalled the pungent words of Erasmus on this most unrepublican bird. "Let any physiognomist, not a blunderer in his trade," says this most learned scholar, "consider the look and features of an eagle, those rapacious and wicked eyes, that menacing curve of the beak, those cruel cheeks, that stern front, — will he

Latin, on learning their meaning, tore them from the book, as a libel on the French government, and its influence in Denmark. (Molesworth, Account of Denmark, Preface.) The inference from this narrative would seem to be that the verses were by Sidney himself.

[1] Æneid, VI. 852.

[2] De Republica, Lib. II. cap. 43.

not at once recognize *the image of a king*, a magnificent and majestic king? Add to these a dark, ill-omened color, an unpleasing, dreadful, appalling voice, and that threatening scream at which every kind of animal trembles." Proceeding with his indictment, he describes the eagle in old age as satisfied with nothing but blood, with which he prolongs his hateful life, the upper mandible growing so that he cannot feed on flesh, while the natural rapacity continues, — all of which typifies the wicked prince. But the scholar becomes orator, when, after mentioning that there are innumerable species of birds, some admirable for richness of plumage, some remarkable for snowy whiteness, some shining with befitting blackness, some pre-eminent in bodily stature, some notable for fecundity, some grateful at the rich banquet, some pleasant from loquacity, some captivating in song, some distinguished for courage, some created for the entertainment of man, — he proceeds to say: "Of all birds, the eagle alone has seemed to wise men *the apt type of royalty:* not beautiful, not musical, not fit for food, — but carnivorous, ravenous, plundering, destroying, fighting, solitary, hateful to all, the curse of all, and though able to do the greatest harm, yet wishing to do more than he can."[1] Erasmus, who says this and much more, is no mean authority. Brightest and best among the scholars who illustrated the modern revival of letters, loving peace, and detesting kings, he acquired a contemporary power and fame such as letters never bestowed before, if since, — at least until Voltaire, kindred in versatile genius, mounted the throne. In all the homage profusely offered to the latter there was

[1] Erasmi Adagia, Chil. III. Cent. VII. Prov. 1: *Scarabæus aquilam quærit.* Hallam, Literature of Europe, Part I. ch. 4. sec. 43, 44.

nothing stronger than that of Luther to Erasmus, when the great Reformer asked, "Who is the man whose soul Erasmus does not occupy, whom Erasmus does not instruct, over whom Erasmus does not reign?" His face is still familiar from the devotion of two great artists, Albert Dürer and Hans Holbein, each of whom has left to us his portrait, — while he is commemorated by a bronze statue in Rotterdam, his birthplace, and by a monument in the ancient cathedral at Basel, where he died. It is this renowned scholar who castigates our eagle. Doubtless for fighting qualities this royal bird was transferred to the coin and seal of a Republic. His presence there shows the spirit which unconsciously prevailed; and this same presence, beyond all question, exercises a certain influence, especially with the young, nursing a pride in that beak and those pounces which are the menace of War.

The maxim, *In time of Peace prepare for War*,[1] is transmitted from distant ages, when brute force was the general law. It is the terrible inheritance which painfully reminds present generations of their connection with the Past. It belongs to the dogmas of barbarism. It is the companion of harsh, tyrannical rules by which the happiness of the many is offered up to the few. It is the child of suspicion, and the forerun-

[1] If countenance were needed in thus exposing a pernicious maxim, I might find it in the German philosopher Kant, whose work on Perpetual Peace treats it with very little respect. (Kant, Sämmtliche Werke, Band VII., *Zum Ewigen Frieden*, § 1.) Since this Oration, Sir Robert Peel and the Earl of Aberdeen, each Prime Minister of England, and practically conversant with the question, have given their valuable testimony in the same direction. Life has its surprises; and I confess one in my own, when the latter, in conversation on this maxim, most kindly thanked me for what I had said against it.

ner of violence. Having in its favor almost uninterrupted usage, it possesses a hold on popular opinion not easily unloosed. And yet no conscientious man can fail, on careful observation, to detect its mischievous fallacy, — *at least among Christian nations in the present age,* — a fallacy the most costly the world has witnessed, dooming nations to annual tribute in comparison with which the extortions of conquest are as the widow's mite. So true is what Rousseau said, and Guizot has since repeated, that "a bad principle is far worse than a bad fact"; for the operations of the latter are finite, while those of the former are infinite.

I speak of this principle with earnestness; for I believe it erroneous and false, founded in ignorance and wrong, unworthy of civilization, and disgraceful to Christians. I call it a principle; but it is a mere *prejudice,* — sustained by vulgar example only, and not by enlightened truth, — obeying which, we imitate the early mariners, who, steering from headland to headland, hugged the shore, unwilling to venture upon the broad ocean, with the luminaries of heaven for their guide. If not yet discerned in its true character, it is because the clear light of truth is discolored and refracted by an atmosphere where the cloud of War covers all.

Dismissing the actual usage on the one side, and considerations of economy on the other, I would regard these Preparations in the simple light of reason, in a just appreciation of the nature of man, and in the injunctions of the highest truth. Our conclusion will be very easy. They are twice pernicious, and whoso would vindicate them must satisfactorily answer these two objections: *first,* that they inflame the people, ex-

citing to deeds of violence, otherwise alien to the mind; and, *secondly*, that, having their origin in the low motives of distrust and hate, inevitably, by a sure law of the human mind, they excite to corresponding action in other nations. Thus, in fact, are they *promoters of War*, rather than *preservers of Peace.*

In illustration of the *first* objection, it will occur at once to every inquirer that the possession of power is in itself dangerous, tempting the purest and highest, and too rarely enjoyed without abuse. Nor is the power to employ force in War an exception. Nations possessing the greatest armaments are the most belligerent. It is the feebler powers which enjoy eras of Peace. Throughout more than seven hundred years of Roman history resounds the din of War, with only two short lulls of Peace; and in modern times this din has been echoed from France. But Switzerland has had no din. Less prepared, this Republic had less incentive to War. Not only in nations do we find this law. It applies to individuals also. The same din which resounded in Rome and was echoed from France has filled common life, and from the same cause. The *wearing of arms* has been a provocative, too often exciting, as it furnished the weapon of strife. The odious system of private quarrels, with altercation and hostile meetings even in the street, disgracing the social life of modern Europe, continued with this habit. This was its origin. But who can measure the extent of its influence? Dead bodies stretched on the pavements, and vacant chairs at home, were the contemporary witnesses. If death was hasty and unpremeditated, it was only according to the law of such encounter. Poets and authors, wearing arms, were exposed to the rude chances. The dramatist Mar-

lowe, in some respects almost Shakespearian, "renowned for his rare art and wit," perished ignominiously under the weapon of a vulgar adversary; and Savage, whose genius and misfortune inspired the friendship and praise of Samuel Johnson, was tried at the Old Bailey for murder committed in a sudden broil. Nothing of this could have occurred without the habit of wearing arms, which was a fashion. Out of this came the *Dance of Death.*

This pernicious influence is illustrated by Judge Jay with admirable plainness. He shows the individual as an example to nations. Listen, a moment, to what he says so well. "The expert swordsman, the practised marksman, is ever more ready to engage in personal combats than the man who is unaccustomed to the use of deadly weapons. In those portions of our country where it is supposed essential to personal safety to go armed with pistols and bowie-knives mortal affrays are so frequent as to excite but little attention, and to secure, with exceedingly rare exceptions, perfect impunity to the murderer; whereas at the North and East, where we are unprovided with such facilities for taking life, comparatively few murders of the kind are perpetrated. We might, indeed, safely submit the decision of the principle we are discussing to the calculations of pecuniary interest. Let two men, equal in age and health, apply for an insurance on their lives, — one known to be ever armed to defend his honor and his life against every assailant, and the other a meek, unresisting Quaker: can we doubt for a moment which of these men would be deemed by an Insurance Company most likely to reach a good old age?" [1]

[1] Address before the American Peace Society, pp. 23, 24.

With this practical statement and its strong sense I leave this objection to War Preparations, adding a single supplementary remark, — What is good for the individual is good for nations.

The *second* objection, though different in character, is not less operative. It is founded on that law of human nature according to which the very hate or distrust to which these Preparations testify excites in others a corresponding sentiment. This law is general and fundamental. Though rarely recognized by nations as a rule of conduct, it was never without its influence on individuals. Indeed, it is little more than a practical illustration of the Horatian adage, *Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi:* If you wish me to weep, you must yourself first grieve. Nobody questions its truth or applicability. But does it not proclaim that War Preparations in a period of professed Peace must naturally prompt adverse Preparations, and everywhere within the circle of their influence quicken the Spirit of War? So are we all knit together that the feelings in our own bosoms awaken corresponding feelings in the bosoms of others, — as harp answers to harp in its softest vibration, as deep responds to deep in the might of its power. What in us is good invites the good in our brother; generosity begets generosity; love wins love; Peace secures Peace; — while all in us that is bad challenges the bad in our brother; distrust engenders distrust; hate provokes hate; War arouses War. Therefore are we admonished to avoid such appeal, and this is the voice of Nature itself.

This beautiful law is everywhere. The wretched maniac, in whose mind the common principles of conduct are overthrown, confesses its overruling power;

and the vacant stare of madness is illumined by a word of love. The wild beasts confess it: and what is the story of Orpheus, whose music drew in listening rapture the lions and panthers of the forest, or of St. Jerome, whose kindness soothed the lion to lie down at his feet, but expressions of its prevailing power?[1]

Even a fable may testify. I would not be tempted too far, but, at the risk of protracting this discussion, I cannot forget illustrations which show how poetry at least, if not history, has interpreted the heart of man.

Looking back to the historic dawn, one of the most touching scenes illumined by that auroral light is the peaceful visit of the aged Priam to the tent of Achilles, entreating the body of his son. The fierce combat ended in the death of Hector, whose unhonored corse the bloody Greek has trailed behind his chariot. After twelve days of grief, the venerable father is moved to seek the remains of the son he has so dearly loved. He leaves his lofty cedarn chamber, and with a single aged attendant, unarmed, repairs to the Grecian camp beside the distant sounding sea. Entering alone, he finds Achilles in his tent, with two of his chiefs. Grasping his knees, the father kisses those terrible homicidal hands which had taken the life of his son. Touched by the sight which he beholds, the heart of the inflamed, the angry, the inflexible Achilles responds to the feelings

[1] Scholars will remember the incident recorded by Homer in the Odyssey (XIV. 30, 31), where Ulysses, on reaching his loved Ithaca, is beset by dogs, described as wild beasts in ferocity, who rush towards him barking; but he, with *craft* (that is the word of Homer), seats himself upon the ground *and lets his staff fall from his hand.* A similar incident is noticed by Mr. Mure, in his entertaining travels in Greece, and also by Mr. Borrow, in his "Bible in Spain." Pliny remarks, that all dogs may be appeased in the same way: "*Impetus eorum et sævitia mitigatur ab homine considente humi.*" Nat. Hist., Lib. VIII. cap. 40.

of Priam. He takes the suppliant by the hand, seats him by his side, consoles his grief, refreshes his weary body, and concedes to the prayers of a weak, unarmed old man what all Troy in arms could not win. In this scène, which fills a large space in the Iliad,[1] the master poet, with unconscious power, has presented a picture of the omnipotence of that law, making all mankind of kin, in obedience to which no word of kindness, no act of confidence, falls idly to the earth.

Among the early passages of Roman history, perhaps none makes a deeper impression than that scene, after the Roman youth were consumed at the Allia, and the invading Gauls under Brennus had entered the city, where in a temple were seated the venerable Senators of the Republic, too old to flee, and careless of surviving the Roman name, each on his curule chair, unarmed, looking, as Livy says, more august than mortal, and with the majesty of the gods. The Gauls gaze as upon sacred images; and the hand of slaughter, which had raged through the streets of Rome, is stayed by the sight of an unarmed assembly. This continued until one of the invaders standing nearest reached his hand to stroke gently the silver beard of a Senator, who, indignant at the license, smote the barbarian with his ivory staff, which was the signal for general vengeance. Think you that a band of savages could have slain these Senators, if the *appeal to Force* had not been made first by one of their own number? This story, though recounted by Livy, and also by Plutarch,[2] is repudiated by Niebuhr; but it is none the less interesting as a legend, attesting the law by which hostile feelings are aroused or subdued.

[1] Book XXIV. [2] Liv., Lib. V. cap. 41. Plutarch, Life of Camillus.

This great scene, in its essential parts, has been repeated in another age and country. The theatre was an African wilderness, with Christian converts for Roman Senators. The little band, with their pastor, who was a local chief, assembled on a Sabbath morning for prayer, when suddenly robbers came upon them, as the Gauls upon Rome, and demanded cattle. The pastor, asking his people to sit still, calmly pointed to the cattle, and then turned back to unite with the rest in prayer. The robbers, like the Gauls, looked on in silence, awed into forbearance, until they quietly withdrew, injuring nobody and touching nothing. Such an instance, which is derived from the report of missionaries,[1] testifies again to the might of meekness, and proves that the Roman story, though reduced to the condition of a legend, is in harmony with actual life.

An admired picture by Virgil, in his melodious epic, furnishes similar testimony. The Trojan fleet, beaten by tempest on the raging waves, is about to succumb, when the God of the Sea, suddenly appearing in tranquil power, stills the hostile elements, as a man venerable for piety and deserts by a gentle word assuages a furious populace just breaking into sedition and outrage.[2] The sea and the populace were equally appeased. Alike in the god and the man was the same peaceful presence. Elsewhere is this same influence. Guizot, illustrates this same influence, when, describing the development of mediæval civilization, he exhibits an angry multitude subdued by an unarmed man, em-

[1] Moffat, Missionary Labors and Scenes in Southern Africa, Ch. 32.

[2] "Ille regit dictis animos et pectora mulcet."
Æneid, I. 146 – 154.

ploying the *word* instead of the *sword*.[1] And surely no reader of that noble historical romance, the *Promessi Sposi*, can forget that finest scene, where Frà Cristoforo, in an age of violence, after slaying his comrade in a broil, presents himself unarmed and penitent before the family and retainers of his victim, and by dignified gentleness awakens the admiration of men raging against him. Both hemispheres are at this moment occupied with the popular romance, *Le Juif Errant*, by Eugène Sue, where is an interesting picture of Christian courage superior to the trained violence of the soldier. Another example, made familiar by recent translations of *Frithiof's Saga*, the Swedish epic,[2] is more emphatic. The scene is a battle. Frithiof is in deadly combat with Atlé, when the falchion of the latter breaks. Throwing away his own weapon, Frithiof says, —

> "*Swordless foeman's life*
> *Ne'er dyed this gallant blade.*"

The two champions now close in mutual clutch; they hug like bears, says the poet.

> "'T is o'er; for Frithiof's matchless strength
> Has felled his ponderous size,
> And 'neath that knee, a giant length,
> Supine the Viking lies.
> 'But fails my sword, thou Berserk swart,'
> The voice rang far and wide,
> 'Its point should pierce thy inmost heart,
> Its hilt should drink the tide.'
> 'Be free to lift the weaponed hand,'
> Undaunted Atlé spoke;
> Hence, fearless, quest thy distant brand:
> Thus I abide the stroke.'"

Frithiof regains his sword, intent to close the dread de-

[1] Guizot, Histoire de la Civilisation en France, Tom. II. p. 36.
[2] Longfellow, Poets and Poetry of Europe, p. 161: Tegnér.

bate, while his adversary awaits the stroke; but his heart responds to the generous courage of his foe; he cannot injure one who has shown such confidence in him.

> *"This quelled his ire, this checked his arm,*
> *Outstretched the hand of peace."*

I cannot leave these illustrations without alluding again to the treatment of the insane, teaching, by conclusive example, how strong in Nature must be the responsive principle. On proposing to remove the heavy chains from the raving maniacs of the Paris hospitals, the benevolent Pinel was regarded as one who saw visions or dreamed dreams. At last his wishes were gratified. The change in the patients was immediate; the wrinkled front of warring passion was smoothed into the serene countenance of Peace. The treatment by Force is now universally abandoned; the law of kindness takes its place; and these unfortunates mingle together, unvexed by restraints implying suspicion, and therefore arousing opposition. What an example to nations, who are little better than insane! The ancient hospitals, with their violent madness, making confusion and strife, are a dark, but feeble, type of the Christian nations, obliged to wear the intolerable chains of War, assimilating the world to one great madhouse; while the peace and good-will now abounding in these retreats are the happy emblems of what awaits mankind when at last we practically recognize the supremacy of those higher sentiments which are at once a strength and a charm, —

> "making their future might
> Magnetic o'er the fixed, untrembling heart."

I might dwell also on recent experience, so full of delightful wisdom, in the treatment of the distant, de-

graded convict of New South Wales, showing how confidence and kindness on the part of overseers awaken a corresponding sentiment even in outcasts, from whose souls virtue seems blotted out.

Thus, from all quarters and sources — the far-off Past, the far-away Pacific, the verse of the poet, the legend of history, the cell of the mad-house, the congregation of transported criminals, the experience of daily life, the universal heart of man — ascends spontaneous tribute to that law according to which we respond to the sentiments by which we are addressed, whether of love or hate, of confidence or distrust.

If it be urged that these instances are exceptional, I reply at once, that it is not so. They are indubitable evidence of the real man, revealing the divinity of Humanity, out of which goodness, happiness, true greatness can alone proceed. They disclose susceptibilities confined to no particular race, no special period of time, no narrow circle of knowledge or refinement, but present wherever two or more human beings come together, and strong in proportion to their virtue and intelligence. Therefore on the nature of man, as impregnable ground, do I place the fallacy of this most costly and pernicious prejudice.

Nor is Human Nature the only witness: Christianity testifies in familiar texts, and then again by holiest lips. Augustine, in one of his persuasive letters, protests, with proverbial heart of flame, *against turning Peace into a Preparation for War*, and then tells the soldier whom he addresses to be *pacific even in war*.[1] From

[1] "Non enim pax quæritur ut bellum excitetur. . . . . Esto ergo etiam bellando pacificus." — Augustini Epistola CCV., ad Bonifacium Comitem: Opera, Tom. II. p. 318.

the religion of his Master the great Christian saint had learned that Love is more puissant than Force. To the reflecting mind, the Omnipotence of God himself is less discernible in earthquake and storm than in the gentle, but quickening, rays of the sun, and the sweet descending dews. He is a careless observer who does not recognize the superiority of gentleness and kindness in exercising influence or securing rights among men. As the storms of violence beat upon us, we hug mantles gladly thrown aside under the warmth of a genial sun.

Christianity not only teaches the superiority of Love to Force, it positively enjoins the practice of the former, as a constant, primal duty. It says, "Love your neighbors"; but it does not say, "In time of Peace rear the massive fortification, build the man-of-war, enlist standing armies, train militia, and accumulate military stores, to overawe and menace your neighbor." It directs that we should do to others as we would have them do to us, — a golden rule for all; but how inconsistent is that distrust in obedience to which nations professing peace sleep like soldiers on their arms! Nor is this all. Its precepts inculcate patience, forbearance, forgiveness of evil, even the duty of benefiting a destroyer, "as the sandal-wood, in the instant of its overthrow, sheds perfume on the axe which fells it." Can a people in whom this faith is more than an idle word authorize such enormous sacrifices to pamper the Spirit of War? Thus far nations have drawn their weapons from earthly armories, unmindful that there are others of celestial temper.

The injunction, "Love one another," is as applicable to nations as to individuals. It is one of the great laws

of Heaven. And nations, like individuals, may well measure their nearness to God and to his glory by the conformity of their conduct to this duty.

In response to arguments founded on economy, the true nature of man, and Christianity, I hear the skeptical note of some advocate of the transmitted order of things, some one among the "fire-worshippers" of War, saying, All this is beautiful, but visionary; it is in advance of the age, which is not yet prepared for the great change. To such I answer: Nothing can be beautiful that is not true; but all this is true, and the time has come for its acceptance. Now is the dawning day, and now the fitting hour.

The name of Washington is invoked as authority for a prejudice which Economy, Human Nature, and Christianity repudiate. Mighty and reverend as is his name, more mighty and more reverend is Truth. The words of counsel which he gave were in accordance with the spirit of his age, — which was not shocked by the slave-trade. But his great soul, which loved virtue and inculcated justice and benevolence, frowns upon those who would use his authority as an incentive to War. God forbid that his sacred character should be profanely stretched, like the skin of John Ziska, on a militia-drum, to arouse the martial ardor of the American people!

The practice of Washington, during the eight years of his administration, compared with that of the last eight years for which we have the returns, may explain his real opinions. His condemnation of the present wasteful system speaks to us from the following table.[1]

[1] Executive Document No. 15, Twenty-eighth Congress, First Session.

Years.	Military Establishment.	Naval Establishment.
1789 – 91	$ 835,618	$ 570
1792	1,223,594	53 !
1793	1,237,620	
1794	2,733,539	61,409
1795	2,573,059	410,562
1796	1,474,672	274,784
Total, during eight years of Washington,	$ 10,078,102	$ 747,378
1835	$ 9,420,313	$ 3,864,939
1836	19,667,166	5,807,718
1837	20,702,929	6,646,915
1838	20,557,473	6,131,581
1839	14,588,664	6,182,294
1840	12,030,624	6,113,897
1841	13,704,882	6,001,077
1842	9,188,469	8,397,243
Total, during eight recent years,	$ 119,860,520	$ 49,145,664

Thus the expenditures for the national armaments under the sanction of Washington were less than *eleven million* dollars, while during a recent similar period of eight years they amounted to upwards of *one hundred and sixty-nine millions,*—an increase of nearly *fifteen hundred per cent !* To him who quotes the precept of Washington I commend the example. He must be strongly possessed by the martial mania who will not confess, that, in this age, when the whole world is at peace, and our national power is assured, *there is less need* of these Preparations than in an age convulsed with War, when our national power was little respected. The only semblance of argument in their favor is the increased wealth of the country; but the capacity to endure taxation is no criterion of its justice, or even of its expediency.

Another fallacy is also invoked, that *whatever is is right.* A barbarous practice is elevated above all those

authorities by which these Preparations are condemned. We are made to count principles as nothing, because not yet recognized by nations. But they are practically applied in the relations of individuals, towns, counties, and states in our Union. *All these have disarmed.* It remains only that they should be extended to the grander sphere of nations. Be it our duty to proclaim the principles, whatever the practice. Through us let Truth speak.

From the past and the present auspicious omens cheer us for the future. The terrible wars of the French Revolution were the violent rending of the body preceding the exorcism of the fiend. Since the morning stars first sang together, the world has not witnessed a peace so harmonious and enduring as that which now blesses the Christian nations. Great questions, fraught with strife, and in another age heralds of War, are now determined by Mediation or Arbitration. Great political movements, which a few short years ago must have led to bloody encounter, are now conducted by peaceful discussion. Literature, the press, and innumerable societies, all join in the work of inculcating good-will to man. The Spirit of Humanity pervades the best writings, whether the elevated philosophical inquiries of the "Vestiges of the Creation," the ingenious, but melancholy, moralizings of the "Story of a Feather," or the overflowing raillery of "Punch." Nor can the breathing thought and burning word of poet or orator have a higher inspiration. Genius is never so Promethean as when it bears the heavenly fire to the hearths of men.

In the last age, Dr. Johnson uttered the detestable

sentiment, that he liked "a good Hater." The man of this age will say that he likes "a good Lover." Thus reversing the objects of regard, he follows a higher wisdom and a purer religion than the renowned moralist knew. He recognizes that peculiar Heaven-born sentiment, the Brotherhood of Man, soon to become the decisive touchstone of human institutions. He confesses the power of Love, destined to enter more and more into the concerns of life. And as Love is more heavenly than Hate, so must its influence redound more to the true glory of man and the approval of God. A Christian poet — whose few verses bear him with unflagging wing in immortal flight — has joined this sentiment with Prayer. Thus he speaks, in words of uncommon pathos and power: —

> "He prayeth well who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast.
>
> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things, both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all." [1]

The ancient Law of Hate is yielding to the Law of Love. It is seen in manifold labors of philanthropy and in missions of charity. It is seen in institutions for the insane, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the poor, the outcast, — in generous efforts to relieve those who are in prison, — in public schools, opening the gates of knowledge to all the children of the land. It is seen in the diffusive amenities of social life, and in the increasing fellowship of nations; also in the rising opposition to Slavery and to War.

There are yet other special auguries of this great

[1] Coleridge, Rime of the Ancient Mariner, Part VII.

change, auspicating, in the natural progress of man, the abandonment of all international Preparations for War. To these I allude briefly, but with a deep conviction of their significance.

Look at the Past, and see how War itself is changed, so that its oldest "fire-worshipper" would hardly know it. At first nothing but savagery, with disgusting rites, whether in the North American Indian with Powhatan as chief, or the earlier Assyrian with Nebuchadnezzar as king, but yielding gradually to the influence of civilization. With the Greeks it was less savage, but always barbarous, — also with Rome always barbarous. Too slowly Christianity exerted a humanizing power. Rabelais relates how the friar Jean des Entommeures clubbed twelve thousand and more enemies, "without mentioning women and children, which is understood always." But this was War, as seen by that great genius in his day. This can be no longer. Women and children are safe now. The divine metamorphosis has begun.

Look again at the Past, and observe the *change in dress.* Down to a period quite recent the sword was the indispensable companion of the gentleman, wherever he appeared, whether in street or society; but he would be deemed madman or bully who should wear it now. At an earlier period the armor of complete steel was the habiliment of the knight. From the picturesque sketch by Sir Walter Scott, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," we learn the barbarous constraint of this custom.

> "Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
> With belted sword, and spur on heel;
> They quitted not their harness bright,
> Neither by day nor yet by night:

They lay down to rest
With corslet laced,
Pillowed on buckler cold and hard;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred."

But all this is changed now.

Observe the *change in architecture and in domestic life.* Places once chosen for castles or houses were savage, inaccessible retreats, where the massive structure was reared to repel attack and to enclose its inhabitants. Even monasteries and churches were fortified, and girdled by towers, ramparts, and ditches, — while a child was stationed as watchman, to observe what passed at a distance, and announce the approach of an enemy. Homes of peaceful citizens in towns were castellated, often without so much as an aperture for light near the ground, but with loopholes through which the shafts of the crossbow were aimed. The colored plates now so common, from mediæval illustrations, especially of Froissart, exhibit these *belligerent armaments,* always so burdensome. From a letter of Margaret Paston, in the time of Henry the Sixth, of England, I draw supplementary testimony. Addressing in dutiful phrase her "right worshipful husband," she asks him to procure for her "some crossbows, and wyndacs [grappling-irons] to bind them with, and quarrels [arrows with square heads]," also "two or three short pole-axes to keep within doors"; and she tells her absent lord of apparent preparations by a neighbor, — "great ordnance within the house," "bars to bar the door crosswise," and "wickets on every quarter of the house to shoot out at, both with bows and with hand-guns."[1]

[1] Paston Letters, CXIII. (LXXVII. Vol. III. p. 315.)

Savages could hardly live in greater distrust. Let now the Poet of Chivalry describe another scene: —

> "Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
> Waited the beck of the warders ten;
> Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
> Stood saddled in stable day and night,
> Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
> And with Jedwood axe at saddle-bow;
> A hundred more fed free in stall:
> Such was the custom of Branksome Hall."

This also is all changed now.

The principles causing this change are not only active still, but increasing in activity; nor can they be confined to individuals. Nations must soon declare them, and, abandoning martial habiliments and fortifications, enter upon peaceful, *unarmed life.* With shame let it be said, that they continue to live in the very relations of distrust towards neighbors which shock us in the knights of Branksome Hall, and in the house of Margaret Paston. They pillow themselves on "buckler cold and hard," while their highest anxiety and largest expenditure are for the accumulation of new munitions of War. The barbarism which individuals have renounced nations still cherish. So doing, they take counsel of the wild-boar in the fable, who whetted his tusks on a tree of the forest when no enemy was near, saying, that in time of Peace he must prepare for War. Has not the time come, when man, whom God created in his own image, and to whom he gave the Heaven-directed countenance, shall cease to look down to the beast for an example of conduct? Nay, let me not dishonor the beasts by the comparison. The superior animals, at least, prey not, like men, upon their own species. The kingly lion turns from his brother lion;

the ferocious tiger will not raven upon his kindred tiger; the wild-boar of the forest does not glut his sharpened tusks upon a kindred boar.

> "Sed jam serpentum major concordia: parcit
> Cognatis maculis similis fera: quando leoni
> Fortior eripuit vitam leo? quo nemore unquam
> Exspiravit aper majoris dentibus apri?
> Indica tigris agit rabida cum tigride *pacem*
> *Perpetuam*." [1]

To an early monarch of France just homage has been offered for effort in the cause of Peace, particularly in abolishing the Trial by Battle. To another monarch of France, in our own day, descendant of St. Louis, and lover of Peace worthy of the illustrious lineage, Louis Philippe, belongs the honest fame of first from the throne publishing the truth that Peace is endangered by Preparations for War. "The sentiment, or rather the principle," he says, in reply to an address from the London Peace Convention in 1843, "that in Peace you must prepare for War, *is one of difficulty and danger; for while we keep armies on land to preserve peace, they are at the same time incentives and instruments of war.* He rejoiced in all efforts to preserve peace, for that was what all needed. He thought the time was coming when we should get rid entirely of war in all civilized countries." This time has been hailed by a generous voice from the Army itself, by a Marshal of France, — Bugeaud, the Governor of Algiers, — who, at a public dinner in Paris, gave as a toast these words of salutation to a new and approaching era of happiness: "To the pacific union of the great human family, by the association of individuals, nations, and races! To the annihilation of War! To the transformation of destructive armies into

[1] Juvenal, Sat. XV. 159–164.

corps of industrious laborers, who will consecrate their lives to the cultivation and embellishment of the world!" Be it our duty to speed this consummation! And may other soldiers emulate the pacific aspiration of this veteran chief, until *the trade of War* ceases from the earth![1]

To William Penn belongs the distinction, destined to brighten as men advance in virtue, of first in human history establishing the *Law of Love* as a rule of conduct in the intercourse of nations. While recognizing the duty "to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from the abuse of power,"[2] as a great end of government, he declined the superfluous protection of arms against foreign force, and aimed to "reduce the savage nations by just and gentle manners to the love of civil society and the Christian religion." His serene countenance, as he stands with his followers in what he called the sweet and clear air of Pennsylvania, all unarmed, beneath the spreading elm, forming the great treaty of friendship with the untutored Indians, — whose savage display fills the surrounding forest as far as the eye can reach, — not to wrest their lands by violence, but to obtain them by peaceful purchase, — is to my mind the proudest picture in the history of

[1] There was a moment when the aspiration of the French marshal seemed fulfilled even in France, if we may credit the early Madame de Lafayette, who, in the first sentence of her Memoirs, announces perfect tranquillity, where "no other arms were known than instruments for the cultivation of the earth and for building, and the troops were employed on these things." Part of their work was to divert the waters of the Eure, so that the fountains at Versailles should have a perpetual supply: but this was better than War. — MADAME DE LAFAYETTE, *Mémoires de la Cour de France pour les Années* 1688 *et* 1689, p. 1.

[2] Preface to Penn's Frame of Government of the Province of Pennsylvania: Hazard's Register of Pennsylvania, Vol. I. p. 338. See also Clarkson's Memoirs of Penn, Vol. I. p. 238, Philadelphia, 1814.

our country. "The great God," said the illustrious Quaker, in words of sincerity and truth addressed to the Sachems, "hath written his law in our hearts, by which we are taught and commanded to love and help and do good to one another. It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow-creatures, for which reason we come unarmed. Our object is not to do injury, but to do good. We are now met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage is to be taken on either side, but all is to be openness, brotherhood, and love, while all are to be treated as of the same flesh and blood."[1] These are words of True Greatness. "Without any carnal weapons," says one of his companions, "we entered the land, and inhabited therein, as safe as if there had been thousands of garrisons." What a sublime attestation! "This little State," says Oldmixon, "subsisted in the midst of six Indian nations without so much as a militia for its defence." A great man worthy of the mantle of Penn, the venerable philanthropist, Clarkson, in his life of the founder, pictures the people of Pennsylvania as armed, though without arms, — strong, though without strength, — safe, without the ordinary means of safety. According to him, the constable's staff was the only instrument of authority for the greater part of a century; and never, during the administration of Penn, or that of his proper successors, was there a quarrel or a war.[2]

Greater than the divinity that doth hedge a king is the divinity that encompasses the righteous man and the righteous people. The flowers of prosperity smiled

[1] Clarkson's Memoirs of Penn, Vol. I. Ch. 18.
[2] Ibid., Vol. II. Ch. 23.

in the footprints of William Penn. His people were unmolested and happy, while (sad, but true contrast!) other colonies, acting upon the policy of the world, building forts, and showing themselves in arms, were harassed by perpetual alarm, and pierced by the sharp arrows of savage war.

This pattern of a Christian commonwealth never fails to arrest the admiration of all who contemplate its beauties. It drew an epigram of eulogy from the caustic pen of Voltaire, and has been fondly painted by sympathetic historians. Every ingenuous soul in our day offers willing tribute to those graces of justice and humanity, by the side of which contemporary life on this continent seems coarse and earthy.

Not to barren words can we confine ourselves in recognition of virtue. While we see the right, and approve it too, we must dare to pursue it. Now, in this age of civilization, surrounded by Christian nations, it is easy to follow the successful example of William Penn encompassed by savages. Recognizing those two transcendent ordinances of God, the *Law of Right* and the *Law of Love*, — twin suns which illumine the moral universe, — why not aspire to the true glory, and, what is higher than glory, the great good, of taking the lead in *the disarming of the nations?* Let us abandon the system of Preparations for War in time of Peace, as irrational, unchristian, vainly prodigal of expense, and having a direct tendency to excite the evil against which it professes to guard. Let the enormous means thus released from iron hands be devoted to labors of beneficence. Our battlements shall be schools, hospitals, colleges, and churches; our arsenals shall be libraries; our navy shall be peaceful ships, on errands of perpetual commerce;

our army shall be the teachers of youth and the ministers of religion. This is the cheap defence of nations. In such intrenchments what Christian soul can be touched with fear? Angels of the Lord will throw over the land an invisible, but impenetrable panoply: —

> "Or if Virtue feeble were,
> Heaven itself would stoop to her." [1]

At the thought of such a change, the imagination loses itself in vain effort to follow the multitudinous streams of happiness which gush forth from a thousand hills. Then shall the naked be clothed and the hungry fed; institutions of science and learning shall crown every hill-top; hospitals for the sick, and other retreats for the unfortunate children of the world, for all who suffer in any way, in mind, body, or estate, shall nestle in every valley; while the spires of new churches leap exulting to the skies. The whole land shall testify to the change. Art shall confess it in the new inspiration of the canvas and the marble. The

[1] These are the concluding words of that most exquisite creation of early genius, the "Comus." Beyond their intrinsic value, they have authority from the circumstance that they were adopted by Milton as a motto, and inscribed by him in an album at Geneva, while on his foreign travels. This album is now in my hands. The truth thus embalmed by the grandest poet of modern times is also illustrated in familiar words by the most graceful poet of antiquity: —

> "Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
> Non eget Mauris jaculis, neque arcu,
> Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
> Fusce, pharetra."
> HOR., *Carm.* I. xxii. 1-4.

Dryden pictures the same in some of his most magical lines: —

> "A milk-white hind, immortal and unchanged,
> Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;
> Without unspotted, innocent within,
> *She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.*"
> *The Hind and the Panther*, Part I. 1-4.

harp of the poet shall proclaim it in a loftier rhyme. Above all, the heart of man shall bear witness to it, in the elevation of his sentiments, in the expansion of his affections, in his devotion to the highest truth, in his appreciation of true greatness. The eagle of our country, without the terror of his beak, and dropping the forceful thunderbolt from his pounces, shall soar, with the olive of Peace, into untried realms of ether, nearer to the sun.

I pause to review the field over which we have passed. We have beheld War, sanctioned by International Law as a mode of determining *justice* between nations, elevated into an *established custom*, defined and guarded by a complex code known as the Laws of War; we have detected its origin in an appeal, not to the moral and intellectual part of man's nature, in which alone is Justice, but to that low part which he has in common with the beast; we have contemplated its infinite miseries to the human race; we have weighed its sufficiency as a mode of determining justice between nations, and found that it is a rude invocation to force, or a gigantic game of chance, in which God's children are profanely treated as a pack of cards, while, in unnatural wickedness, it is justly likened to the monstrous and impious custom of Trial by Battle, which disgraced the Dark Ages, — thus showing, that, in this day of boastful civilization, justice between nations is determined by the same rules of barbarous, brutal violence which once controlled the relations between individuals. We have next considered the various prejudices by which War is sustained, founded on a false belief in its necessity, — the practice of nations, past and present, —

the infidelity of the Christian Church, — a mistaken sentiment of honor, — an exaggerated idea of the duties of patriotism, — and finally, that monster prejudice which draws its vampire life from the vast Preparations for War in time of Peace; — especially dwelling, at this stage, upon the thriftless, irrational, and unchristian character of these Preparations, — hailing also the auguries of their overthrow, — and catching a vision of the surpassing good that will be achieved, when the boundless means thus barbarously employed are dedicated to works of Peace, opening the serene path to that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

And now, if it be asked why, in considering the TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS, I dwell thus singly and exclusively on War, it is because War is utterly and irreconcilably inconsistent with True Greatness. Thus far, man has worshipped in Military Glory a phantom idol, compared with which the colossal images of ancient Babylon or modern Hindostan are but toys; and we, in this favored land of freedom, in this blessed day of light, are among the idolaters. The Heaven-descended injunction, *Know thyself*, still speaks to an unheeding world from the far-off letters of gold at Delphi: *Know thyself; know that the moral is the noblest part of man*, transcending far that which is the seat of passion, strife, and War, — nobler than the intellect itself. And the human heart, in its untutored, spontaneous homage to the virtues of Peace, declares the same truth, — admonishing the military idolater that it is not the bloody combats, even of bravest chiefs, even of gods themselves, as they echo from the resounding lines of the great Poet of War, which receive the warmest ad-

miration, but those two scenes where are painted the gentle, unwarlike affections of our nature, the Parting of Hector from Andromache, and the Supplication of Priam. In the definitive election of these peaceful pictures, the soul of man, inspired by a better wisdom than that of books, and drawn unconsciously by the heavenly attraction of what is truly great, acknowledges, in touching instances, the vanity of Military Glory. The Beatitudes of Christ, which shrink from saying, "Blessed are the War-makers," inculcate the same lesson. Reason affirms and repeats what the heart has prompted and Christianity proclaimed. Suppose War decided by *Force*, where is the glory? Suppose it decided by *Chance*, where is the glory? Surely, in other ways True Greatness lies. Nor is it difficult to tell where.

True Greatness consists in imitating, as nearly as possible for finite man, the perfections of an Infinite Creator, — above all, in cultivating those highest perfections, Justice and Love: Justice, which, like that of St. Louis, does not swerve to the right hand or to the left; Love, which, like that of William Penn, regards all mankind as of kin. "God is angry," says Plato, "when any one censures a man like Himself, *or praises a man of an opposite character:* and the godlike man is the good man."[1] Again, in another of those lovely dialogues precious with immortal truth: "Nothing resembles God more than that man among us who has attained to the highest degree of justice."[2] The True Greatness of Nations is in those qualities which constitute the true greatness of the individual. It is not in extent of territory, or vastness of population, or accumulation of

[1] Minos, § 12.

[2] Theætetus, § 85.

wealth, — not in fortifications, or armies, or navies, — not in the sulphurous blaze of battle, — not in Golgothas, though covered by monuments that kiss the clouds; for all these are creatures and representatives of those qualities in our nature which are unlike anything in God's nature. Nor is it in triumphs of the intellect alone, — in literature, learning, science, or art. The polished Greeks, our masters in the delights of art, and the commanding Romans, overawing the earth with their power, were little more than splendid savages. And the age of Louis the Fourteenth, of France, spanning so long a period of ordinary worldly magnificence, thronged by marshals bending under military laurels, enlivened by the unsurpassed comedy of Molière, dignified by the tragic genius of Corneille, illumined by the splendors of Bossuet, is degraded by immoralities that cannot be mentioned without a blush, by a heartlessness in comparison with which the ice of Nova Zembla is warm, and by a succession of deeds of injustice not to be washed out by the tears of all the recording angels of Heaven.

The True Greatness of a Nation cannot be in triumphs of the intellect alone. Literature and art may enlarge the sphere of its influence; they may adorn it; but in their nature they are but accessaries. *The True Grandeur of Humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man.* The surest tokens of this grandeur in a nation are that Christian Beneficence which diffuses the greatest happiness among all, and that passionless, godlike Justice which controls the relations of the nation to other nations, and to all the people committed to its charge.

But War crushes with bloody heel all beneficence, all happiness, all justice, all that is godlike in man, — suspending every commandment of the Decalogue, setting at naught every principle of the Gospel, and silencing all law, human as well as divine, except only that impious code of its own, the *Laws of War*. If in its dismal annals there is any cheerful passage, be assured it is not inspired by a martial Fury. Let it not be forgotten, let it be ever borne in mind, as you ponder this theme, that the virtues which shed their charm over its horrors are all borrowed of Peace, — that they are emanations from the Spirit of Love, which is so strong in the heart of man that it survives the rudest assault. The flowers of gentleness, kindliness, fidelity, humanity, which flourish unregarded in the rich meadows of Peace, receive unwonted admiration when we discern them in War, — like violets shedding their perfume on the perilous edge of the precipice, beyond the smiling borders of civilization. God be praised for all the examples of magnanimous virtue which he has vouchsafed to mankind! God be praised, that the Roman Emperor, about to start on a distant expedition of War, encompassed by squadrons of cavalry, and by golden eagles swaying in the wind, stooped from his saddle to hear the prayer of a humble widow, demanding justice for the death of her son![1] God be praised, that Sidney, on the field of battle, gave with dying hand the cup of cold water to the dying soldier! That single act of

[1] According to the legends of the Catholic Church, this most admired instance of justice opened to Trajan, although a heathen, the gates of salvation. Dante found the scene and the "visible speech" of the widow and Emperor storied on the walls of Purgatory, and has transmitted them in a passage which commends itself hardly less than any in the divine poem. — See *Purgatorio*, Canto X.

self-forgetful sacrifice has consecrated the deadly field of Zutphen, far, oh, far beyond its battle; it has consecrated thy name, gallant Sidney, beyond any feat of thy sword, beyond any triumph of thy pen! But there are lowly suppliants in other places than the camp; there are hands outstretched elsewhere than on fields of blood. Everywhere is opportunity for deeds of like charity. Know well that these are not the product of War. They do not spring from enmity, hatred, and strife, but from those benign sentiments whose natural and ripened fruit of joy and blessing are found only in Peace. If at any time they appear in the soldier, it is less *because* than *notwithstanding* he is the hireling of battle. Let me not be told, then, of the virtues of War. Let not the acts of generosity and sacrifice sometimes blossoming on its fields be invoked in its defence. From such a giant root of bitterness no true good can spring. The poisonous tree, in Oriental imagery, though watered by nectar and covered with roses, produces only the fruit of death.

Casting our eyes over the history of nations, with horror we discern the succession of murderous slaughters by which their progress is marked. Even as the hunter follows the wild beast to his lair by the drops of blood on the ground, so we follow Man, faint, weary, staggering with wounds, through the Black-Forest of the Past, which he has reddened with his gore. Oh, let it not be in the future ages as in those we now contemplate! Let the grandeur of man be discerned, not in bloody victory or ravenous conquest, but in the blessings he has secured, in the good he has accomplished, in the triumphs of Justice and Beneficence, in the establishment of Perpetual Peace!

As ocean washes every shore, and with all-embracing arms clasps every land, while on its heaving bosom it bears the products of various climes, so Peace surrounds, protects, and upholds all other blessings. Without it, commerce is vain, the ardor of industry is restrained, justice is arrested, happiness is blasted, virtue sickens and dies.

Peace, too, has its own peculiar victories, in comparison with which Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill, fields sacred in the history of human freedom, lose their lustre. Our own Washington rises to a truly heavenly stature, not when we follow him through the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton, not when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown, but when we regard him, in noble deference to Justice, refusing the kingly crown which a faithless soldiery proffered, and at a later day upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he met unmoved the clamor of the people wickedly crying for War. What glory of battle in England's annals will not fade by the side of that great act of justice, when her Parliament, at a cost of one hundred million dollars, gave freedom to eight hundred thousand slaves? And when the day shall come (may these eyes be gladdened by its beams!) that shall witness an act of larger justice still, — the peaceful emancipation of three million fellow-men "guilty of a skin not colored as our own," now, in this land of jubilant freedom, bound in gloomy bondage, — then will there be a victory by the side of which that of Bunker Hill will be as the farthing candle held up to the sun. That victory will need no monument of stone. It will be written on the grateful hearts of countless multitudes that shall proclaim it to the

latest generation. It will be one of the famed landmarks of civilization, — or, better still, a link in the golden chain by which Humanity connects itself with the throne of God.

As man is higher than the beasts of the field, as the angels are higher than man, as Christ is higher than Mars, as he that ruleth his spirit is higher than he that taketh a city, — so are the victories of Peace higher than the victories of War.

Far be from us, fellow-citizens, on this festival, the pride of national victory, and the illusion of national freedom, in which we are too prone to indulge! None of you make rude boast of individual prosperity or prowess. And here I end as I began. Our country cannot do what an individual cannot do. Therefore it must not vaunt or be puffed up. Rather bend to unperformed duties. Independence is not all. We have but half done, when we have made ourselves free. The scornful taunt wrung from bitter experience of the great Revolution in France must not be levelled at us: "They wish to be *free*, but know not how to be *just*." [1] Nor is priceless Freedom an end in itself, but rather the means of Justice and Beneficence, where alone is enduring concord, with that attendant happiness which is the final end and aim of Nations, as of every human heart. It is not enough to be free. There must be Peace which cannot fail, and other nations must share the great possession. For this good must we labor, bearing ever in mind two special objects, complements of each other: first, the Arbitrament of War must end; and,

[1] "*Ils veulent être libres, et ne savent pas être justes*," was the famous exclamation of Sieyès.

secondly, Disarmament must begin. With this ending and this beginning the great gates of the Future will be opened, and the guardian virtues will assert a new empire. Alas! until this is done, National Honor and National Glory will yet longer flaunt in blood, and there can be no True Grandeur of Nations.

To this great work let me summon you. That Future, which filled the lofty vision of sages and bards in Greece and Rome, which was foretold by Prophets and heralded by Evangelists, when man, in Happy Isles, or in a new Paradise, shall confess the loveliness of Peace, may you secure, if not for yourselves, at least for your children! *Believe* that you can do it, and you *can* do it. The true Golden Age is before, not behind. If man has once been driven from Paradise, while an angel with flaming sword forbade his return, there is another Paradise, even on earth, which he may make for himself, by the cultivation of knowledge, religion, and the kindly virtues of life, — where the confusion of tongues shall be dissolved in the union of hearts, and joyous Nature, borrowing prolific charms from prevailing Harmony, shall spread her lap with unimagined bounty, and there shall be perpetual jocund Spring, and sweet strains borne on "the odoriferous wing of gentle gales," through valleys of delight more pleasant than the Vale of Tempe, richer than the Garden of the Hesperides, with no dragon to guard its golden fruit.

Is it said that the age does not demand this work? The robber conqueror of the Past, from fiery sepulchre, demands it; the precious blood of millions unjustly shed in War, crying from the ground, demands it; the heart of the good man demands it; the conscience, even of the soldier, whispers, "Peace!" There are

considerations springing from our situation and condition which fervently invite us to take the lead. Here should join the patriotic ardor of the land, the ambition of the statesman, the effort of the scholar, the pervasive influence of the press, the mild persuasion of the sanctuary, the early teaching of the school. Here, in ampler ether and diviner air, are untried fields for exalted triumph, more truly worthy the American name than any snatched from rivers of blood. War is known as the *Last Reason of Kings.* Let it be no reason of our Republic. Let us renounce and throw off forever the yoke of a tyranny most oppressive of all in the world's annals. As those standing on the mountain-top first discern the coming beams of morning, so may we, from the vantage-ground of liberal institutions, first recognize the ascending sun of a new era! Lift high the gates, and let the King of Glory in, — the King of True Glory, — of Peace! I catch the last words of music from the lips of innocence and beauty,[1] —

"And let the whole earth be filled with His Glory!"

It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story, that there was at least one spot, the small island of Delos, dedicated to the gods, and kept at all times sacred from War. No hostile foot ever pressed this kindly soil, and citizens of all countries met here, in common worship, beneath the ægis of inviolable Peace. So let us dedicate our beloved country; and may the blessed consecration be felt in all its parts, everywhere throughout its ample domain! The Temple of Honor shall

[1] The services of the choir on this occasion were performed by the youthful daughters of the public schools of Boston.

be enclosed by the Temple of Concord, that it may never more be entered through any portal of War; the horn of Abundance shall overflow at its gates; the angel of Religion shall be the guide over its steps of flashing adamant; while within its happy courts, purged of Violence and Wrong, JUSTICE, returned to the earth from long exile in the skies, with equal scales for nations as for men, shall rear her serene and majestic front; and by her side, greatest of all, CHARITY, sublime in meekness, hoping all and enduring all, shall divinely temper every righteous decree, and with words of infinite cheer inspire to those deeds that cannot vanish away. And the future chief of the Republic, destined to uphold the glories of a new era, unspotted by human blood, shall be first in Peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen.

While seeking these fruitful glories for ourselves, let us strive for their extension to other lands. Let the bugles sound the *Truce of God* to the whole world forever. Not to one people, but to every people, let the glad tidings go. The selfish boast of the Spartan women, that they never saw the smoke of an enemy's camp, must become the universal chorus of mankind, while the iron belt of War, now encompassing the globe, is exchanged for the golden cestus of Peace, clothing all with celestial beauty. History dwells with fondness on the reverent homage bestowed by massacring soldiers upon the spot occupied by the sepulchre of the Lord. Vain man! why confine regard to a few feet of sacred mould? The whole earth is the sepulchre of the Lord; nor can any righteous man profane any part thereof. Confessing this truth, let us now, on this Sab-

bath of the Nation, lay a new and living stone in the grand Temple of Universal Peace, whose dome shall be lofty as the firmament of heaven, broad and comprehensive as earth itself.

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